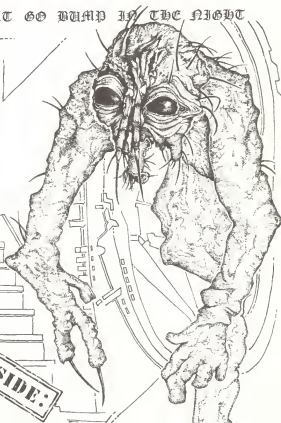


BAMBAIN

FILMS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT



AXE
VAMP
THE FLY
CRITTERS
KATE BUSH
BLOODY MOON
PEEPING TOM
SAMANTHA FOX!
GEORGE ROMERO
JOHN CARPENTER
H.P. LOVECRAFT

INSIDE:



HEEERE'S JOHNNY!

WELCOME, and you I know that in issue one I stated we'd be on sale again in January but better late than never.

When I was preparing the first **SAMBAH** I fully intended bringing it out on a bi-monthly basis. At the time I was a reasonably well-paid journalist on a local paper and therefore had the money to meet the printing costs. A small number of contributors (mainly Pam Richards, John Martin and Gordon Tinsley) to all of whom I'm eternally grateful) were (and still are) providing us with contributions in the way of art work, articles and just general help and all for no charge as, like me, they believe in what we are doing (don't worry this isn't going to end with "the unfortunately **SAMBAH** will cease publication) and I was quite happy to go on meeting the costs from my own pocket.

However in October (at about the time the first issue was nearing completion) I was made redundant. My first thought was to drop **SAMBAH** then and there but as so much work had gone into it I went ahead and had it printed.

And judging from the response I have had I made the right decision. However it is going to take a while to pick up a regular readership so for the time being **SAMBAH** will be brought out on a quarterly basis (that's one issue every three months for anyone like me whose maths isn't what it should be). But as soon as enough money is coming in to cover the costs I fully intend making it a bi-monthly publication and then, who knows? Naughty!

One of the biggest headaches has proved to be distribution. I originally wrote to about 20 specialist shops in the country enclosing a copy of **SAMBAH** and an SAE. About five of them had the courtesy to reply. They know who they are and I'm eternally grateful for their help. However if you are thinking of buying the next issue of **SAMBAH** then the only way you can guarantee getting a copy is to order it direct from me (see back page) as at present, distribution is, to say the least, patchy.

One thing we have been quite successful in is in meeting some interest in the media. The magazine, and myself, were featured on **UK's PAPER ABOUTING SHOW** just before Christmas which I found nerve-racking to say the least but at least it publicised **SAMBAH** which was neatly described as meaning "The Uncensored" (no, that's not how they worded that one) until I pointed out the correct meaning to Mr. Armstrong. In addition contributor John Martin has appeared on Radio Merseyside playing the magazine and we've also been featured in a number of newspapers and magazines. And talking of John Martin I really must take this opportunity of thanking him for all his help. Although only credited as a contributing writer his input has gone as far as the call of duty and he's a real **SAMBAH** man. He's as much his own man as I am a million times. In addition I must apologise to his folks. In a previous issue their names (and where it irritates long distance editorial colleagues) aren't stated with "I must make this quick because of the phone bill" and end at four or so later with a lengthy debate on just what time the party did say at the end of ENGLAND. I will maintain the motto "What's the bloody use?" although if anyone else has any suggestions to this I'd be grateful to hear them.

And while I'm in an apologetic mood a quick word to Michael Wadley whose name appeared in Martin in the credits of the first issue. I was able to rectify this in the previous issue folks. We sold out of the original print run and I made sure we got it right this time (Michael). And also despite apologies to Pam Richards for not crediting her superb artwork on the front last time round, it was Pam who designed the **SAMBAH** logo as well as many of the smaller pieces of artwork on back the first issue and the one and all that on top of San Luis (The Hooded One) and as if that wasn't enough she helped me paste up the pages as well.

If you bought the last issue (and if not I want to know why, 300 words or so due by the end of the week) you'll have noticed a number of items in the "Next issue" on the back page haven't appeared, among them "Breathin', Freshmen and Friends" and "Mrs Flicks on Fire". Well they haven't been forgotten, just got so held due to the large volume of contributions received.

You'll also notice that there isn't a competition in this issue but hopefully, space permitting, there will be one in issue three. Incidentally last issue's awards photos were from **DEATH TRAP** (the picture on the right) and **THE TERROR OF DR. CRAWLEY**, the latter found everything about San Luis of Albright, Liverpool correctly identified **DEATH TRAP** and won the **HELLMONGER 2** prize.

As you'll see we've started a number of new features this issue including **COLLECTOR'S CORNER** in which you can seek out that particular bit of film merchandise you are looking for, and a regular **cinema review** spot. We've also got a letters page to keep the correspondence coming in as we don't know if we're taking **SAMBAH** in the right direction unless you tell us so. Do you want to see novels reviewed or how about movie reviews? Do you want to see more about new films or old? All these questions and more will be answered in the next issue of **SAMBAH**. So there! (Please)

John Gollidge

John Gollidge (February 1987)





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No 2

SAMHAIN

Spring
1987

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IT WAS JUST ANOTHER
RAINY MONDAY IN THE
BIG CITY



OR SO I THOUGHT...
UNTIL THIS BROAD
CAME THROUGH THE DOOR

LITERALLY!



SHE SAID
SHE WAS TRYING TO
TRACE A MISSING MENT

LADY, WE AND THE RAIN
WERE DON'T DEAL IN
AWOL AMPHIBIANS



BY THE WAY
DOLL, PLACING
SHOES ARE OUT

...I BUT SINCE YOU FEEL
THAT ABOUT IT - TAKE MY
FROG



EDITOR, PUBLISHER, WRITER,
LAYOUT, TYPIST, GENERAL
DOGS BOGS AND RAGDOLLS OF
CONTRIBUTORS
John Gullidge

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SAM HAIN (THE MOORED ONE)
AND COVER ART
Pete Richards

SAMHAIN is published quarterly by John Gullidge from 19, Elm Grove Road, Topham, Esher Devon EX2 0BG. Art and written contributions are welcome but it is advisable to discuss projects with the editor beforehand. SAMHAIN is available free to all contributors and for all published letters and is traded with other film magazines. All copyrights to the material in SAMHAIN revert to the individual contributor(s). The remainder, unless otherwise stated, is copyright (C) 1987 SAMHAIN

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This issue is dedicated to Pam (loved the avastahills) and John (Whore's) for their continued help, support, enthusiasm and of course contributions to SAMHAIN both in and out of the pages. And yes I know the last issue was also dedicated to them but I'm then indebted.



FOLLOWING but on the heels of our own coverage on THE FAMELIE AMB. STRENGTH NOW, and the interview with Ramsey Campbell on BBC2 a SATURDAY AFTERNOON programme Channel 4 got in on the act on February 9 with a programme on the RELEVANT OTHER series devoted to the films of David Cronenberg (a subject we covered back in November!)

LONG LIVE THE NEW FLUXE was a real feast for genre fans featuring, as it did, not only extensive interviews with the Canadian King of Horror but also with Neale Mac Stephens King as well as clips from most of Cronenberg's features and other films such as FLYING THIN and DRAIN OF THE DEAD. The question of censorship also reared its ugly head with contributions from James Fournier, Nery Brown (head of Toronto's Censor Board) and Richard B. Belford (head of the Ratings Administration for the MPAA). Not to mention Cronenberg's show and with extensive clips from THE FLUXE proved a delightful appetizer to his latest excursion into the world of the new flesh.....

FOUNDER the old "100,000 if you die of fright" ad campaign that was as popular with films like THE PIT and THE PERSUASION as I don't either but it seems up and coming horror novelist Sean Berman would love someone to drop dead reading one of his books. "That would be the ultimate horror" he said. "I don't know. I think the more prospect of being to read the lines of "Slugs" and "Spies" is pretty horrific....."

YES, I did not SGP-astounding person Polly Tapson on "Did You Go" outlining how Channel 4's THE GARDEN is which a book of gourmet (chick) among whom was THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW's narrator, (Charles Gray) ate a huge hog.

"In was covered in crawling, just like pork" giggled Pol. But she was Polly Tapson, you see, who bared an eye with her hysterical denunciations of "Helen Bentley" in the Guardian Woman's Page? Yes, dear reader, the self-same post.....

IF you thought Michael Caine had turned his back on disaster movies you were wrong. Following Not on the heels of his excellent performance in Neil Jordan's masterpiece, NINA LISA, Caine has just started work on JAWS '87 which is set for a July release in the States. No stranger to this type of film he has notched up some notable performances in his time including THE SHARK and RETURN TO THE POLAROID ADVENTURE where the real horror wasn't the dangers of an escaped liner but the prospect of playing opposite Sally Field. Actually JAWS '87 may not be all that bad. Director Joseph Sargent is scrapping all references to JAWS 3D (screened "Flat" by ITV at Christmas) and is aiming for a far more serious movie but then we've heard that before haven't we.....



IF YOU WISH TO ORDER, PLEASE CALL 0203 201111

EVER get that feeling of déjà vu? It happened to me as the other night while I was watching an old episode of THE TWILIGHT ZONE entitled "Little Girl Lost" It concerned.....well let her start taking up the story...."Missing: one frightened little girl. Name: Bettina Miller. Description: six years of age, average height and build, light brown hair, quite pretty. Last seen being tucked to bed by her mother a few hours ago. Last heard - yes, there's the rub, as Bettina put it. For Bettina Miller can be heard quite clearly, despite the rather curious fact that she can't be seen at all. Present location? Let's say for the moment - in the Twilight Zone."

In fact Bettina (Tracy Stratford) has fallen through a hole into another dimension and the episode involved her father reaching into said hole to rescue the girl while at the same time being held back in our world by a skeptical friend of the family who ensured Bettina's old and didn't cross over to the other side. And I thought Spielberg's story for POLTERGEIST was an original one. It would seem it was more than a passing nod to Richard Matheson's TWILIGHT ZONE script. So what was E.T. based on? Starline.....

MOON gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair (by those of us who still have teeth and hair) was witnessed down here in the GARDEN office by the announcement of the retirement of the icily-beautiful Rachel Ward, who apparently now prefers the joys of marriage and motherhood (she is married to TV HEROES ST ILLUSION star Bryan Brown.....second sprig on the way) to the alangs and arrows of outworn film criticism. Rachel will be fondly remembered by SAMBAIANS as the femme fatale who seduced Steve Martin's wily in DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR FIELDS, as psycho-biller fodder in CASPITE PASSAGE aka THE FIVE TERROR (in which she appeared with the equally unknown Gary Busey), and most fondly of all, for her spectacular shower scene in TERROR THIS aka NIGHT SCENES, a film favourite with dirty old men of all ages and an official "Helen Bentley" in best (possibly) with around till about issue 15 and we'll be casting this one in POLICE 35. Our best wishes go out to Rachel.....

THERE is no truth in the rumour that spring Dorothy Lamour's screen comeback in CHIFFON 2 will be in the part of The Governess.....



DOZIE LAMOUR IN CHIFFON 2

IT'S amazing how a letter to the Radio Times can do. Following a recent reader production entitled THE MAKING OF FRANKENSTEIN had to put pen to paper when a clip from the film (and OF FRANKENSTEIN "As we turn out by the way, "I was referred to as a clip from THE SHIP OF FRANKENSTEIN. Needless to say the latter wasn't published but a few weeks later I received a reply from an actor as regularly in the particular play in question than its author. Ray Hammond, he informed me that the label "THE SHIP OF FRANKENSTEIN" was a clip from THE SHIP OF FRANKENSTEIN. However Mr. Hammond did apologise adding that he hoped it didn't spoil my enjoyment of the play. Well it didn't, it just seemed a bit ironic as the play was about a writer concerned with the discrepancy in a TV version of his Frankenstein documentary.

AND talking of BBC radio if you've been following the six part serial, SOME WITHIN'S SON you'll be no doubt have spotted the extensive use of background music courtesy of one John Carpenter. The Beeb cribbed some of the best music from the likes of KING OF THE BEE and THE POC and didn't even credit Carpenter for it.

AS part of the lip-lipped BBC's policy of giving is to the saving demands of frustrated old clones, they have announced a proscribed list of films which will never dust a new screen as long as they have anything to do with it, included are: THE EMBROIDERED EMBROIDERER, THE 17TH, ONCE UPON A TIME IN AMERICA, THE STRAY DOGS, A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (which we all grew up on a long time ago anyway), THE THING (which appeared on ITV last year without causing any viewers to pull their own heads off and erupt with laughter), DUCKY WIFE (which ITV has screened more than once) and DALLANZINI (which ITV have the rights to) Judging by their absence from this list, it shouldn't be too long before The Beeb treats us to FIDO FLAMINGO, MARK OF THE DEVIL, at NO TROUBLE and SAGO - THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM up artists to complete if they feel too much "blood" is being used in a light sense. The Fall-blame issues of these programmes can only be appreciated when you consider that they came in the same week as the unfortunate Michael took took his spin on the acoustic "Wholly Wheel"



When There's No
More Room In Hell...

JOHN CARPENTER's double shocker

HALLOWEEN

The trick was to stay alive

ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13

BY MICHAEL WESLEY

The Films Of John Carpenter



HALLOWEEN (1978, R) and then in young film maker John Carpenter. Halloween would never be quite the same again.

His film of the festival, an it were, injected new blood (whilst spilling very little) into the horror film genre and put Carpenter firmly on the map.

In recent years his reputation has taken something of a critical nose dive but if, like us, you take what the critics say with a large portion of salt, you'll realise that this is far from the truth. In fact Carpenter has grown immensely as a truly gifted film maker and not just as a mechanical engineer of audience reaction as some would have you believe.

His track record is so strong that whatever idea around the corner looks to be a real treat - for one will be first in the queue - to do harbour a hope that he may one day return to the smaller, stranger days of films like **HARD STAR** and **BALLROOM**. If nothing else, they would be an interesting counterpoint to his big budget epics of later.

CRIME FEATURES OF JOHN CARPENTER TO DATE:

HARD STAR (1975, R) (reviewed)

Carpenter's debut feature concerned the fate of a group of rather depressed, hipster astronauts concealing themselves with such problems as a beach ball with claws, a malfunctioning computer, a cynically frayed crew-member and, more importantly, a culting bomb that came to believe it was God. The film was enormously entertaining, if at times rather flat in its pacing and handling, but proved to be an important signpost as to just what the director could do with a little money and a lot of talent.

Probably the scene that most people remember to this day is which Sgt. Pinback (played by Ben O'Neuman, the film's co-writer, in his pre-**ALIEN**, **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD** days) had to go and feed an alien beast that he had brought on board. The creature resembled a grizzly coloured hauch ball with claws that, after putting up with some eggs from Pinback, turned on his son, by a series of events, eventually leads him to be stuck, first in a lift shaft and then in the lift itself. The scene where Pinback, legs waving madly out of the bottom of the lift as the nose of "The Barber of Seville" goes up and down the shaft to the delight of the alien, is hilariously effective.

The finale saw both God explode and the two members of the crew who were outside the ship at the time and not instantly killed, both met highly memorable endings. The first became one of the glowing Florida sideburns circling the universe every 12 trillion years, the other was blown on part of the debris to a nearby planet to die in a falling star. This last shot must rank as one of the most hauntingly effective final shots in the history of SF movies (OK, so it's not quite Kubrick's Star-Child, but what is?)



ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13 (1976, R) (reviewed)

After his suspicious debut Carpenter turned to a tense drama (involving a police station under siege by what seemed to be the entire underworld of America. Again low-budget, but again highly effective, the film showed that Carpenter's control of narrative drive, character and action was advancing in leaps and bounds. There was also the flaring suggestion (used more explicitly in **HALLOWEEN**) that the villains were a little bit more than ordinary human beings; they seemed to be able to disappear and reappear at will. Nevertheless, expertly choreographed aside, the bursts of action as the few policemen and civilians inside battled with guns and anything within reach to keep them at bay, threatened the film boss a winner.



SEMPER PARATUS (1978 TV Movie, 104 minutes)

American television beckoned next and the result was a good one. Sempar's books as one of the best TV Movie thrillers ever made, met as a pair with Spielberg's **DUEL**. Movies made it a crime, but at least, a dubious comedy; stick, as real identity, with **SEMPER PARATUS** as one's most down neighbour's and hence no real reason. This however was different, a film that seemed to have some (only slightly original, maintaining its' director's identity, and with tension on a high throughout. Lauren Hutton played a TV reporter terrorized in her high-rise apartment and Adrienne Barbeau (the former Mrs. C) her friend who was killed in a past incident on **SEMPER PARATUS**. Both herself would have been proud of this, even more so the shattering climax, with Carpenter's F.O.B. camera flaring wildly around Hutton's flat as she came face-to-face with her nemesis in a great wonder-burger finale.

BALLROOM (1978, R) (reviewed)

BALLROOM needs no introduction. Is a relatively short space of time it had become the most successful independent motion picture of all time earning a slice for itself in the history of horror films at the same time. It introduced Jamie Lee Curtis to the masses as a baby-sitter, Laurie Stride who, on this particular Halloween night, had a little more than a neighbour's irritating brat to contend with. Rather, an escaped lunatic (in actual fact the Supremacy) by the name of Michael Myers, who, after decreasing the population of Haddonfield, Illinois by his vast majority of his friends, turns his attention to our likeable heroine in a 20 minute climax which was about as edge-of-the-seat as you can get. To be more precise, I cannot recall seeing, before or since, a horror movie in which violence is allowed to explode so powerfully to the last reel.

Adding this was the super camerawork of Dean Cundey; fluid, graceful, beautifully lit, and of course the direction by Carpenter which was truly masterful perfectly complementing his own music score.

that was a pounding, frenetic place of work that drained the attention home with real force.

Just one complaint though. The justifiably famous opening five minutes in which the viewer is forced by the walking camera to enter a house, climb the stairs and kill a young girl in her bedroom. It may be powerhouse stuff and has been copied to death since by the likes of the FRIDAY THE 13TH saga but I ask how anyone mean Bob Clark's 1974 film SLASH CHRISTMAS? If you haven't, see it and watch the opening carefully. Deja vu!

THE FOG (1979, 90 minutes)

Now regarded as something of a hot-shot director Carpenter's THE FOG (which has nothing to do with James Ray's novel of the same name despite what some people may think) was, not surprisingly, his biggest budgeted film to date. My own personal favorite of his work it was quite simply a ghost story, told brilliantly with no pretensions, no frills and a command of mood, atmosphere and action evident in every frame. It tells the tale (in hushed tones and by camp fire like all the best ghost stories) of a seaside town besieged one night by a supernatural fog within which were concealed the ghosts of loper pirates coming to claim revenge on the founders of Antonio Bay.

The burly and tentative mounted to create one of the most spine did film clichés I have seen (HALLOWEEN, for all its force, was very new-wave and just let the killer bore down on one main character).

Jane Lee Cortis plays a hitchhiker who is picked up by Tom Alcona, who is investigating the disappearance of a fisherman friend of his. Jane's leech (Jane's mother in real life) plays one of the missing men's wives and Adrienne Barbeau (the Carpenter property company were sleeping up nicely by this time) plays the lighthouse radio station disc jockey who first sees the mysterious fog heading toward the town.

At the centre of all this was Father Helen (Hal Hollbrook) who discovers in his church (where Carpenter himself makes a Hitchcock-like cameo) the diary of Captain Blake, telling how the ship containing the gold was fired into the rocks for plunder that established the town.

With all the characters in place and the movie having built up beautifully and ably from its opening crew film role, Carpenter then let rip as the protagonists try desperately to survive and escape the supernatural invasion. Breath-taking, moody and with a genuinely dark, classy feel to it THE FOG was unquestionably Carpenter and, in my opinion, one of the most underrated horror films of all time.



HALLOWEEN II (1981, 92 minutes)

OK, so he didn't direct it but as it was a sequel to his masterpiece it's worth a mention. Indeed it was a great shame that Carpenter only co-produced and wrote the score as the finished film came nowhere near to matching his illustrious predecessor.

The direction was by Nick Meserich, who has neither before or since, done anything of real note. The film took up the story on the same Halloween night as Laurie (Jane Lee Cortis looking three years older which of course she was) is taken to the hospital, the bodies of her friends are found and Dr. Loomis (Flemence again) sees more goes on his rampage to find Michael Myers.

This time round the film became rather a mess as the killer, seemingly recovered from his knife/battering needs/bullet wounds, backs up again in slight before closing in once more on the put-upon babysitter in the obligatory final conflict.

It was not helped by the decision to go the way of the FRIDAY THE 13TH-type film the original HALLOWEEN opened, with close-quarters gore and carnage, and the explicitness of it all drawn out and over the film being one long round of sadism. That said, Cortis and Flemence were superb, the score just as exciting as before and the cinema is a hospital, although going right over the top in terms of gore and credibility, did deliver. Perhaps now Mr. Strode could collect her babysitting fees and go home.

HALLOWEEN II

From The People Who Brought You

"HALLOWEEN..."

More Of The Night He Came Home.

TM

ALL NEW



ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK (1981, 94 minutes)

The excellent klopik KOPK with Kurt Russell as a man who is a remarkable performance, was followed by the flawed classic ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK; a significant rise in budget and action but rather a drop in overall effectiveness.

By 1980 New York has become a walled, sealed security prison for the world's criminals and degenerates. When the president's plane crash lands into it, convicted criminal Snake Pliskens (Russell again) is considered to go in and get him out within 24 hours. As an incentive to his returning rather than just flying off in his glider, two explosive charges have been placed in his neck arteries ensuring a rather serious headache should he try to escape. Somewhat proved by this he attacks his new "buddy" Lee Van Cleef but in fact what the charges can be neutralized as the last stage if he returns. The rest of the film concentrates on his dangerous journey through the silent labyrinth that is New York (even it always) as he searches for the president (Donald Pleasence making up another appearance for Carpenter).

With ESCAPE the director slipped up rather badly. The film is too episodic and over-bloated as ever rack its' full impact and, as such, the whole is less than the sum of its' parts, again Cudney's cameo can be neutralized as Carpenter's handling is excellent in the film's key highlights but all the action, blood and characters never quite gel. Still, there is much to admire and the postscript, as the president goes on air to play his "important message for world peace" is hilarious. Why? See the movie and find out.

THE THING (1982, 109 minutes)

THE THING was filmed on a budget which was close to 15 million dollars, a massive production and a massive disappointment, but only in terms of box office and public recognition. Carpenter's remake of Howard Hawks' classic is undoubtedly one of the greatest monster movies of all time and possibly his master work. If not this, it is certainly his one dramatic late visceral horror and, as such, is one of the strongest "Splinter movies" ever made.

Kurt Russell, having rescued the president (from New York the previous year, turned up again, this time in the Arctic, as a core member of an expedition which quickly became ravaged by a shape-shifting creature (based from the sea where it landed in its' own ship thousands of years previously).

The film was a near-perfect exercise in building tension and suspense, from the opening shot of the flying saucer crashing in earth, and the opening scene of a dog being lashed by a helicopter across the brilliantly photographed snowy landscape (Cudney again and his best all time work).

However the chief talking point of the film was not so much the story (rather difficult to follow at times) characters or Carpenter's flawless direction, but rather the unbelievable make-up effects executed by Rob Bottin and his crew, which took both disgust and disbelief in superstitious heights. Indeed, this was the chief reason the film flopped as audiences were over-doing on what was, on the surface, a spunky fresh shot of the most incredible proportions. In my view the effects were integral and necessary and strong such as the one in which a character's head bays in the floor from the neck, atrocious

legs and walks off, were rather disgusting, they were rather images of almost awesome surrealism and indeed underlines and shock rather than a need to reach for the sick bags.

In final analysis the film stands almost unique in the annals of horror.



HALLOWEEN III: SEASON OF THE WITCH (1982, 90 minutes)

Having dispatched once and for all with Michael Myers (the HEN/Jarvis production team unleashed HALLOWEEN III upon the world and it proved to be one of the most original shockers of the eighties.

Again Carpenter didn't direct but this sequel to the sequel to his masterpiece (albeit in name only) also delivers a warning.

Scripted by Nigel "Quatermass" Kneale (quite lastingly, although enough changes were made for Kneale to insist on retaining his name from the credits), co-produced by Carpenter and with music by him as usual, the film was directed by Carpenter's high school friend Tomp Lee. With the production designer, and it proved to be a welcome and radical departure from the previous format.

It concerned a mad (supernatural?) Irish topkicker, Cull Buchanan (the superb Dan O'Herlihy) and his wish to revive Halloween back in the good old Samhainian days of Celtic sacrificial ceremonies as opposed to a commercial extravaganza in selling masks and computer technology and robots in his efforts to revenge himself upon a large proportion of America's youth. To explain exactly how would ruin the plot but Tom Atkins played a doctor whose recent patient has his skull structure realized by a robotic Neanderthal as the doc beta off for Santa Mira with the patient's beloved daughter to find out just what is going on in the Silver Shamrock toy factory.

The movie's climax, as do the deaths, leading to a truly gutting climax of shock and surprise and a last scene that leaves the audience hanging in mid air. As stated Carpenter didn't direct but his influence is evident in every scene in such the same way as Spielberg's was in Tube Banger's POLYESTER.

CHRISTINE (1982, 110 minutes)

Based on the best selling novel by Stephen King (I've heard that before) CHRISTINE turned out to be a rather superficial film, but nevertheless nevertheless, with a very strong performance by Keith Coogan as Arnie Cunningham, the boy obsessed with the red 1959 Plymouth Fury of the title. His transformation from a petty wimp to a vengeful, mechanical egomaniac was central to the film's impact as were the amazing scenes (directed by Ray Arneson and not of the one regenerating itself every time it was damaged).

The finale was pure Carpenter and very exciting too, but was the last shot of the crashed frame of Christine awakening away in prove it was still alive really nonsense.



STARMAN (1984, 115 minutes)

Carpenter's attempt to tread Spielberg's yellow brick road in recent years have lost him a number of his followers but nevertheless STARMAN was SF filmmaking at its best, a sort of adult E.T., maybe not as sophisticated, but a superb substitute for the real thing.

Karen Allen plays a woman sinking into despair while watching how rotten of herself and her late husband at her teenage home. One night a spaceship is shot down by the military and a glowing ball of light emerges, enters her home, and transmits before her eyes into the only human likeness it can find (that's right, two dead husbands) Understandably distressed by this she faints, awakes to find it all real, and is promptly dragged along by her "Reincarnated lover" played by Jeff Bridges (possibly the performance of his career and a devoted Oscar nominee).

The film then charts the efforts of Mr. Bridges to get back to his spaceship and people while Ms. Allen falls in love with him. All the while the military are closing in (could be familiar).

A genuinely spectacular film which never lost sight of its human emotional appeal, and a real tribute to Carpenter as one of the cinema's best contemporary storytellers.



BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA (1986, 100 minutes)

If anything was important to STARMAN it was to get out of the window with this film which, unlike Carpenter and Earl Russell once more for a lightning bolt of ideas, but musically astonishing, made a real ramp scene seem to come in, not only the kitchen sink, but the entire bathroom plumbing as well.

The "plot" has something to do with trick films like Furrow (Russell) and a Chinese sidekick comedy like 2001-year-old villain (Jason Song) who has kidnapped a girl with green eyes to marry (whatever turn you like, find out). To do this, the whole thing is carried out with the protection of a char, and whiplash along by 1. The rate of the rate of the rate, then I didn't really think of it as a thing else the film demonstrates just how with the Carpenter can be at staging blindingly fast action and with effects and if indeed, the film is an ungodly mess, it still were palatable and enjoyable (and the ending is a sequel which I would thoroughly like, except for the backlash from the critics who say it's not).





PEEPING TOM

cert X



TEXT: JOHN MARTIN

ART: GORDON FINLAYSON



"SARFAR" "Scrophiatic" "Perverted" "Destructive" "Ramp" SHUT? 5... REPERMEND CAN? - Hope! "A kick on the British cinema" that is given? These were contemporary reviews of Mark Powell's PEEPING TOM (1969), and the best is yet to come. Derek Hall of "The Tri-News" comes on down - "The only really satisfactory way to deal with PEEPING TOM would be to shoot it up and flout it down the nearest sewer. Even then the stench would remain." Thank you Derek and to it we wonder then that Barry Furrow in "Starburst" refers to PEEPING TOM as the "Original Video Ramp."

All this bile was being heaped upon the head of the one who, with his long-time collaborator, Boris Frenschburger, has given the British film industry a series of clear and interesting local hits including THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COLONEL BLIMP (1943), A CATERMETER TALE (1944), A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH (1946) THE RED SHOES (1948) starring Moore Shearer who came up on a victim in PEEPING TOM (1969) TO KILL (1969) and THE TALE OF KOTMAR (1971). Not in the other field, with the possible exception of professional boxing, does one's reputation rest so entirely on one's last outing, and even this catalogue of former glories could not save him from a savaging at the hands of the critics - Indeed, one win-lose-after-the-event pointed to the glove poured on girl's hair in A CATERMETER TALE as indication of a verged mind.

A quick perusal of his C.F. reveals strong elements of the spectacular, the subterfuge, the fantastic, and to PEEPING TOM he turned to those primal fantasies we all share and we will owe up to, the mental territory that the Normal Narcosis frantically denies.

Powell and writer Leo Marks had planned a film on Freud (another iconoclast who got his trouble for holding up to general view the less attractive aspects of the human animal) but John Huston beat them to it. The film they made instead recalls Freud's case history "The Rat Man" (Felix Rotten) in attempting to probe and illustrate a man's sadness, rather than just use a theory as part of a thriller plot.

The latter formula was familiar enough - Fritz Lang's (1931) being a notable example. Indeed, though PEEPING TOM is often referred to as one kind of British answer to PSYCHO (1960) (which is chronologically inaccurate anyway) Hitchcock's film, its other merits notwithstanding is firmly set on those tried and trusted lines.

Making the cut-uses the centre of the story, the approach initiated in PEEPING TOM would lead to films such as REPTILES (1966) but it was without precedent. Powell had come up with an extraordinary addition to the relation between love, work and anti-social acts, but the critics were not ready for it.

Powell was being "Furrowed" squashing his great talent on subject matter not worthy of it (the same charge was soon to be levelled at Hitchcock over PSYCHO). "I was shocked to the core to find a director of his stature befuddling the screen with such perverted nonsense - it willows in the diseased organs of a homicidal pervert and actually romanticises his pornographic brutality... from its barbarism, wildly senseless beginning, to its appallingly monstrous and depressed climax, it is wholly..."

The homicidal pervert is quoted in Mark Lewis (the same year star-usage of the name of the film's writer Leo Marks - one of the many in-jokes with which the film is peppered) played by Carl Boehm in the manner of a literary Peter Lorre. Making his living as a focus puller (film buff aficionados also notice the film) he tops up his income by taking chivalry pin-up photos in a sleepy studio over a corner shop. Sleaze is the key note, enhanced by a lurid use of colour and composition. But this is only scratching the surface - Mark's wanderings through the murky world of "Glimmer" and Jack-off ladder allow him to divulge his real life's work.

Mark is, to put it technically, and as a better. His unfortunate state of mind can be traced back to his psychiatrist father's obsessive interference in, and experimentation with, his childhood, all lovingly recorded on home movies. We see Mr. Lewis (played by Powell) in the home series - and if that gives you food for thought, reflect also that Powell's mother was an ex photographer, reporting him to stills back on demand (switching a routine couple) or fear (dropping a bomb on his head). None disturbing at all. Filing a

Mark's farewell to his mother on her deathbed, a scene even more disturbing in that it signals the end of the sedating influence she might have had.

Mark is certainly no villain, he is not even an agent. "His death is recorded in his father's films" says Barry Peary "It is only a matter of time before he is buried." As we conclude that Mr. Lewis,

presiding over Mark's childhood with his infernal psychi-

atist, is the villain? Filing the sins of the fathers leads us into an infinite regress - Just where does the buck stop? Probably not of the

things about PEEPING TOM that most

disturbed the critics was the ab-

sence of any easy moral han-

dle for them to grab,

just as the book,

as flog "as

bright

the victims are treated in their final moments to their own reactions to as-

suming doom. "NARCIS" showcased the poster "Don't see PEEPING TOM unless you are

prepared to see the screaming shock and awe larva on the faces of those who feel

death." Fear feeding on itself, a closed circuit of dread - that's what gets young Mark's

rocks off. It has been argued in subsequent appreciations (e.g. Furrow's) of PEEPING TOM

that Mark, sexually and personally repressed since childhood (so far, so good) uses his tri-

pped to sublimates the function he cannot perform by transmuting the objects of his desire.

But surely Freud, for whom "Sublimation" was the very corner-stone of civilisation, never

suggested the term to include such behaviour as going around stabbing women in the throat!

There is certainly a parallel with Norman Bates in PSYCHO, who calls on his wife

of things whenever his quiet life is threatened by sexual second-hand (the first

Mark is offered the chance of salvation in a sexual relationship with Helen (Anne Penness),

but can't manage it. Is as ironic touch, Helen's blind sister is the only one who can sense

Mark's state of mind, as though the slightest character can't see the need for the trans.

The all-permeability of Mark's "Scrophiatic" (horrid urge to gaze) has been signalled

by his carrying a camera under his reporter-style duffel-coat everywhere he goes - in an

exchange he reveals that his work for "The Observer" (see p. 17) and his life of

deriving how he got on with C.S. Lewis, the Observer film critic who went totally beyond the

call of duty in writing indignant over THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1957) and DRACULA (1958).

Mark even films the police as they investigate the girls' murders, occasionally giving him-

self away when peep fall out of his pocket - and you can read (or write) into that what you

will.

As the police close in on him Mark takes the opportunity to his logical extension, show-

ing himself after declaring his fear and how he is going to be offered - a soliloquy of

tragic proportions which is simultaneously darkly hilarious. As Mark's life ends the film

to his career runs out. Powell, who has stated that the reason the cheese of artists dying for their art recurs throughout his films is that he would like for his (Jean Seberg) to be another director on a death trip who lived on like a ripe old age says of Mark "I feel very close to this hero, who is an 'Absolute' director, someone who approaches life like a director, who is conscious of life and suffers from it. He is a technician of emotion." Mark has proved himself a dedicated artist, the ultimate sufferer - with his brief glimpse of true fear he has completed his father's experiment with an image that even he was unable to capture - in this line the pervasiveness of his affirmation that emerges from **PEEPING TOM** - Mark, at great cost, has finally outdone his father, and his suicide, though realising his father's destruction of him, is also his escape from an intolerable life.

The cocktail of sex and violence has always been a difficult one to get the camera to swallow, and it was perhaps Powell's shuddering truck record that enabled him to pull it off. And to be fair, though the gutter press had a diabolical day, the response from the film journals was more reasoned (which is more than can be said for the "Video Nasties" campaign of the early eighties). Jane Johnston wrote in "Motion" - "One might feel a little uneasy over Mark's dark room as projection room far, filled with all his atrocious documents, doesn't it represent the secret place for all our own secrets. Mark, a perverted therapist? Powell himself feels like a very tender film, a very nice one. Almost a romantic film." One is reminded of Hitchcock's comments on **PSYCHO** and there is an such honour, allusion and dark romance framed into the subject of Powell's film as there is in Hitchcock's masterpiece. Doubt, none of the deaths are that graphically rendered even by the standards of the day although it has been alleged that, as with Hammer product, harder versions were made for

straight cinema.

And British cinema was the day, as per usual, and Nipper least ditch since Powell was cut out of love, unbelievable, his illustrious career washed up. The curious today that if the producers had "had the courage of his loam" they would have received the angry reviews to their ad campaign (a play that was to mark workers for **THE LAST HORSE ON THE LEFT** in 1972). What happened was "It vanished for 20 years and I vanished with it - I'd grown up, audiences had grown up, films had stayed in the memory."

The British film industry's loss of perhaps its greatest asset was later to be the gain of the American generation of "New" directors, who identified with Powell's research spirit as much as they admired his mastery of technique. Powell became a consultant to the likes of Scorsese, whose **CRUISING** (1977) actually took its lead from Powell's films generally, and **PEEPING TOM** specifically, as his work.

And Scorsese's recent revival of **PEEPING TOM** made someone of the criticism that its subject matter was unworthy of consideration - the film still packs a punch. Jay Cocks puts it thus - "It's a movie made, in a way, in opposition to an audience. It is, in the best and oldest sense, an underground film." Indeed, the cinematic work, such as the double morning of watching a man watch his own suicide, reveals the best bits of the lot, the independent eye-licking of **UN CRISTO AMARILLO** (1958) with which Powell announced himself to the world. And like **UN CRISTO** it is heartening to know that **PEEPING TOM** will growly, never be respectable. It is perhaps the only film that will not let the audience off the hook... so under it will be perpetually un-moving. It is the only movie that catches you. That's all very well, but what's the bother with it - it did capture his crawling scream before the film ran out I'm tempted to believe he slipped out, as usual.

"Something there you see on the back - looking down, you see the bloody head of a harpoon protruding through your stomach. Your hands clutch at the gaping wound as you try to stop your stomach spilling - into the arms of the nurse." This sort of thing happens when, such as the SAMBAIN office but we just take it as our stride and don't make a great fuss about it. So point crying over adult blood as it were.

However something called The Evangelical Alliance were quite as concerned with the fantasy guiding books from whence pictures like the one cited above, came.

The Alliance is warning that the book **TALISMAN OF DEATH** contains "A devil chess" (grrr!) and "Sexual acts between homosexuals" (grrr!) Not "homosexual acts" or "Sexual acts between men," you'll notice but that horror of horrors, "Sexual acts between homosexuals."

Another book, **THE HOUSE OF HILL**, features a girl being desecrated and a black mass at which a white girl is stretched naked on an altar (Where can I get a copy - Ed.) Puffin books, those notorious purveyors, contend that "The books... are innocently popular and fairly fantasy-oriented" The Evangelical Alliance says "Books like these clearly portray a dangerous and evil world of the imagination." Well, quite - surely causing people's imaginations much concern of Orwell's 1984, n'est-ce pas? If the Evangelical thought police want to find an occult organisation who ply children with images of hell-ruled men being whipped, tortured and nailed to trees, they shouldn't have to look too far. Still, for their concerted efforts to safeguard our moral well-being we are advised to avoid the cursed **SAMBAIN GUYEN BOG EXRA** award with which to cheer up their act.

The award is given to any individual, group, film, book or what-have-you whose activities ought to be brought to the attention of SAMBAIN readers. Nominations should be sent to: **GUYEN BOG MAIL**, SABBIN, 16, Elm Grove Road, Topham, Exeter. Devon EX3 0SD.



COLLECTOR'S CORNER

FUN fans, and perhaps especially horror/science fiction/fantasy film fans, are well known for being addicted collectors of anything and everything to do with their favourite movies. It's no exception to the rule with a large collection of magazines, posters, stills and films on video tape but as with any collector I'm always on the look out for that elusive item that perhaps completes a run of one particular magazine title or would just look good in the collection, and I know I'm not alone in this. In this issue we begin a regular **COLLECTOR'S CORNER** in which readers can ask me items, free of charge, through the pages of **SAMBAIN**, all you have to do is write to us telling us what it is you are particularly looking for (it must be a genre related item) i.e. an **1870 Ford Coupe** and we'll publish the letters and with any luck someone may be able to help you out with your search. However this isn't a service for people selling anything. It's strictly for those who want a particular item and to get the ball rolling I received a letter recently from a guy called David Williamson who lives in Lancashire and is desperate to get hold of the horror glow in the dark model kit of Ring Long. You remember those kits, I used to have a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and there were others like the Frankenstein monster and Dracula available. Well David's got all of them but he does want the Ring Long model and in fact he would be happy to have from anyone who has it the glow in the dark kits, particularly still used and unopened. If you can help him he can be contacted at 137, Rochdale Road East, Heywood, Lancashire, OL10 1DU.

And as it's the first column we at **SAMBAIN** thought we'd also plug our own wares, the printable ones at least, as if anyone out there has any of the following they'd be willing to part with we'd be only too happy to hear from you. The address is on page three and I'm sure we could see your very clear to a few listless subscriptions to **SAMBAIN**.

CHARLES LAKE 2, **FANTASTIC FILMS** issues 3 and 32, **MONSTER MAG** issue 3, my early issues of **CINEFANTASTIQUE**, any copies of **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, a video of **POOR FILMS ON ONE VELVET**, a poster for **PRISONER OF THE CANNIBAL GOD**, a poster for **BLOODRATH OF DR. JESTER**, any rare Italian-related items.

Ten see our needs are quite simple!

FANZINES

PICTURE OF MARY Issue No. 1 (16 pages) 25p.
Published by Gareth James, 55, Garsyall Lane, Ruxtonwood, Macclesfield, West Midlands, M25 3JH.

The first issue includes interviews with James Herbert and Robert Campbell, as well as reviews of **BEYOND THE LIVING DEAD**, **FRIGHT NIGHT** and **CAT'S EYE**, and an interesting look at the horrors of **Clashé Castle**.

REDEYE Issue 1, (5 pages) 25p (includes 15p postage)
Published by Nigel Searl, 30, Vicar Street, Walsley, West Yorkshire, WF10 9BT.

As Nigel puts it: "Blood at the rate breed of people!" who regularly feed on a diet of torture, dismemberment and zombie/cannibal gut cranking!" By my issue two should be out (with an extra two pages) while issue one is a cannibal special with reviews of **CORPSE**, **APOLYPTIC**, **CANNIBAL TERROR**, **CANNIBAL HOLocaust** and **CANNIBAL TERROR**.

SOMETHING TO SCREAM ABOUT

WRITE TO: JOHN GILLIES, GOWAN, 79 ELM GROVE ROAD, TOPSHAM,
DORSET, DEVON PL9 0UD



Dear John,

Many thanks for the copy of *SARAH* - a most unusual letter for a horror mag! I must say that I didn't quite know what to expect as I have had so many of these mags sent to me over the years, and being involved in Gothique magazine I know the problems involved.

I must say that I was pleasantly surprised and for a first issue you have done a splendid job and the reason for that I feel is that it's a *quality* mag and doesn't rely on the usual "fables of horror", "horror" (which I don't like), "horror" (which I don't like), "horror" (which I don't like). If you can be topical, with a touch of the old fantasy fables you are on to a winner.

You did ask for comments on how good? The general layout could be a bit tighter, it does seem to wander a bit, with a little too much going on some of the pages. The cartoon characters are especially good and it does add a little light-heartedness to the horror.

I feel that you could have well done without the comic strip *DEAD DEAD*. This is OK, as a comic, and I feel that the general standard of the untruth tells down the end of the mag. Perhaps I'm being too critical as I'm an actual reader of the mag. The inclusion of TV films as a featured item one of you can get some excellent information of contemporary events as TV this will be great.

All in all a promising debut and it deserves a wider circulation. Please James (Secretary of the Gothique Film Society)
79, Grove Avenue,
Torbam,
Buckingham.

Readers are probably well aware of the Gothique Film Society who this year celebrate their 21st anniversary. Their current season is nearly over with one show left on March 30 (THE RED WINE starring Edward G. Robinson and RICHARD OF THE DROMES starring good old John Carradine). However if you want to get in touch with them about subscription details I'm sure James will be only too happy to oblige.

Unfortunately Boku, the TV companies were unable to give us any advance information on forthcoming movies as TV so that nice idea fell through.



DEAD OF THE DEAD? "Bob" courtesy of the pen of Jim Gillies.

Dear John,

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on issue number one. What a debut! I really cannot praise you enough there as a definite lack of material in Britain concerning the horror genre. Standard and I suppose my only complaint. However *SARAH* will now be added to those few, at an information, information, up-to-date, witty and contains excellent photos. You stated that you would be interested in hearing suggestions for *SARAH* the look of colour photos as a very much request but the photo editor was of enormous concern with the magazine early issues for this.

The suggestion thought every month I would be pleased to see for horror reviews of all time. Perhaps a regular top ten and in by other reviews would be an idea. I feel one would be very interested in comparing lists.

I really wonder if you could let me know if you plan to start a subscription service as I would place a regular order.

Once again I'd like to thank you for a tremendous magazine. Keep up the good work.

Yours faithfully
Leslie (aka David Francis)
17, Mountpleasant Road,
Bathampton,
Isle of Wight,
PO10 7ND.

Top line again! Read them in and we'll see if we can compile some sort of *SARAH* readers all time genre. As the subscriptions build, as soon as we can get on a steady footing regarding distribution, advertising etc we'll start ads but in the meantime I'd be grateful to hear from anyone who would consider taking one out.

Dear John

Thanks for the prompt delivery of the first issue of *SARAH* which I can't say, like I could say about it, but seems rather awkward considering that issue 1 must be not by now. I'll send my comments for it.

Good to see a very reasonably British mag! with some distinct-ive qualities - a definite comment, my honest, criticism of editorial production values and a refreshing change in your editorial you neither take a public, academic tone as a magazine-type "you are all the million" attitude.

Yours sincerely
Gordon Ramsay,
71, Keston Avenue,
Keston, Leicestershire,
Leicestershire,
LE12 5DE.

Dear John

After to going to see *Lily of the Sea* as I often I went into the Road and before looking and saw in front of me in the window what looked like just another of those tedious "hor" magazines that largely consist of a couple of out-of-focus pictures and pages of useless stories of which I'm so great fan. With a sad heart I gave it a closer inspection.

Looking through at my pleasure gave me a new idea, pictures and interesting articles plus first-rate artwork. I quickly looked over the last-issued and looked off to the High Street.

Having been a follower of the horror/science fiction genre since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, I must say I was very impressed. I tend to find that everybody at work thinks that I only come out every full moon because I'm not reading any horror/science fiction, I'm reading on about the latest glossy scientific offering.

Which is really a long way of saying how I chose to avoid reading from a lot of second events in order to watch a good horror film.

Now don't get the impression that I'm not like anyone else, just take the average employment (can you see it?)

Incidentally, it really is nice to know that there are some other people with the same interest as mine in the region as well and I thought I was the only one in town around the net.

I wish you all the best and look forward to reading you and some of the other contributors very soon as I tend to avoid letters about every other week.

My very best always from David and Susan (Gillies) left.

John Gillies
8, Southam Road,
Gowan,
Dorset
PL9 7J4

THE EVIL DEAD

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE...

BOUGHT TO LIFE...
KARCHTA STORN
INSARTRA...

IT HAS BEEN A NUMBER
OF YEARS SINCE I BEGAN
EXCAVATING THE RUIN
OF KUN DAR.

NOW I HAVE RE-
TREATED TO A SMALL
CABIN WHERE I CONTIN-
UED MY WORK. THE
BOOK I FOUND DEALS
WITH DEMONS. IT IS
THROUGH THIS BOOK
THAT THEY CAN BE ...





SHE IS EVENTUALLY SUBDUED & IMPRISONED...



IN THE CELLAR.



WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



BUT THE BRIDGE ...

SHELLY?



SHELLY!



THAT'S IT I'M GOING. MAYBE THERE'S A TRAIL INSTEAD OF A BRIDGE



SCOT LEAVES

BUT WHAT ABOUT LINDA



YES. WHAT ABOUT LINDA?



WE'RE GONNA GET YOU !!...



CONCLUSION



WOLFENBERG have come a long way since Lou Chabay Junior first cottoned onto the idea that it would take a lot more than a pack of Wickiwoos Sweet to clear his fire "O'clock shadow."

In recent years lycanthropy has meant big business and the days of Oliver Brown holding his hair still while Roy Jackson slapped on excessive layers of rah hair are long gone.

Films like *AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON* and *COMPANY OF WOLVES* have taken the werewolf to new heights of realism as well as increasing the popularity of this member of the "Old school" of Hollywood monsters.

The latest addition to the long line of werewolf series will be seen next year on the small screen. NBC's *WOLFMAN*, written and directed by Russ Crick and starring Sara Conard who, as well as appearing in the West End alongside the likes of Derek Jacobi and Timothy West is also one of the regulars to NBC radio's answer to "Rembrandt," "The Archers."

Her role as Caroline Ross in the latter is a far cry from the part she plays in *BRIGHT WOLF* which has a suitably gothic Victorian setting. Ross was kind enough to give us the low down on the production which she described as "The most awesome fun to make."

She plays the heroine of the piece (Baily) who is visiting her uncle and cousin at their big country house, the cousin being a sickly looking but otherwise terrifically presentable boy called Christian who is supposedly suffering a "melancholy" as a result of his mother's death, years before.

Baily arrives to be greeted by a sinister butler who, under the guise of servitude, in fact rules the household. For the truth is that poor old Christian's "melancholy," characterized by an inability to endure strong sunlight (shades of vampires) and a thirst for human blood, is no more or less than the onset of adolescent werewolfdom. Apparently they're normal until about 12 then the hair begins to grow, the teeth become long and yellow and so we all know "Free a cow who..."

Christian's father (Baily's Uncle) Sir George d'Aubrey (George Baker) hangs upon hope that his son and Baily will solve a mystery and being a fully formed werewolf himself (in select moments of course) he is quite aware of the family problem but is ashamed by the necessity to carry on the ancient tale.

It transpires that Christian's mother (not of the werewolf variety) discovered the horrid truth about her husband only when Christian and his twin brother Eldon were little cubs. And not until they were 14 and unfortunately displaying werewolf traits of the worst kind, did she crack potting Eldon and trying to kill Christian too which seems fairly reasonable given the circumstances. However Sir George didn't think so (spoils sport) and had her whisked off to the local lunatic box where in the best horror film tradition she can be seen wandering free time to time.

However things really start to move when, on the day of Baily's arrival, mummy escapes from the vet house and heads for home. The girl thinks a great deal with the help of ancient country

churches, blood stained corpses, curses dating from the last century and a dashing cavalry officer who tries - almost successfully - to get Baily away from it all. But Baily curiously is too strong and she returns to the house determined to discover exactly how away home the family shadowbox has.

"Stylistically, the film is an absolutely classic forties-type piece" said Sara "There are no 1980's psychological tricks, just all the special effects you'd hope to find in a standard Hammer-type movie. From what I've seen it will look very good indeed and it's acted for real within the terms of the film. So we have a classically heavy situation taken very seriously and given whatever reality is possible."

"I'd never seen special effects from backstage before. They included setting fire to the gothic hall and staircase of the house (at Faling Stables - the fire officers all stood by in small, tight-lipped groups) and filming in an absolutely genuine 16th century, very high, very narrow and very crumbly church tower and bellary. Some particularly nasty moments with Victorian boots and huge skirts!"

Although *WOLFMAN* probably won't reach the TV screens until next year the director does intend entering it for short film festivals (it's coming this month and up at between 30 and 40 minutes).

Sara admits to loving horror film/TV "But I do have an iron constitution" she added. "I think they're ideally very high class rubbish - a bit like a particularly good pudding - addictive and highly enjoyable, but basically long-term unenjoyable and if you have anything but, you get fat, pale and ashy." Well that would explain my complexion but at nine stone I'd have to disagree with her.

Sara went on to suggest a horror soap opera, not like *THE MONSTERS* but something for adults with characters that go on through a whole series of situations. Who chat's a thought. And then she suggested something that would surely give the public something to get their fangs into: "The Werewolf of Ambriage. Set at the Wolf. See crime from the inside! The possibilities are endless. Could this save the end of soap opera as we know them. I hope so but in the meantime we can look forward to *BRIGHT WOLF*, say it shine brightly."



SARA CONARD, STAR OF BRIGHT WOLF

"MUSIC MADE TO THRILL..." Experiment IV

WITH her 1978 track *RAMBLER WOMAN* on the *LINDHURST* LP, Kate Bush won the hearts of many horror film fans and now she's done it again with her remarkable video for her last single *Experiment IV*.

Unfortunately the single didn't fare too well in the charts and so no knowledge the video only received one television showing on "The Tube" but if you managed to catch it you would have seen what amounted to a first-rate anti horror movie. Here came Michael Jackson, this is what they want.

Directed by Ms Bush, which would explain the disappointingly brief appearances she herself makes in the video, it was featured the likes of Peter (TIM RABBITT) Vaughan and alternative comedies Steve Francis and Stephen Fry (don't worry it's not a comedy and they

will get bumped off). However the real star was John "Sound Creators" created when a military experiment to develop "a sound that could kill someone from a distance" (shades of *THE SHOOT*) goes terribly wrong, unleashing an Industrial Light and Magic-type monster, you know the sort: huge dripping fangs, red eyes, flapping bat-like wings.

The monster goes mad in the secret military base, killing all the lab technicians and the military men behind the experiment (Vaughan) and then sets off into the wide world in the delirious guise of Ms. Bush, prefiguring a howling wind before driving very late when really should be a sequel but when it's saying for god's sake, it's only a video. Keep telling yourself that, it's only a video... it's only a video!



REALLY



AND THE BEAST



FOUNDER AC ONE



SAMHAIN'S JOHN MARTIN INTERVIEWS THE "GURU" OF HORROR FICTION... RAMSEY CAMPBELL.

"LIVERPOOL IS THE POOL OF LIFE" C.S. Jung.

RAMSEY Campbell often switches from English over the Atlantic, coming from the south-west high in his British home, near the river from Teutonic and Celtic lands - respectively villages for his first two novels THE DEAD AND THE ALIVE and THE TALENTED MR. RAY. It was with such tales of urban decay and paranoia that Campbell established himself, with the emphasis, as the dean of British horror writers. He's also a journalist, a broadcaster, President of the British Fantasy Society, an the receiving end of glowing testimonials from the likes of Stephen King and Peter Straub... and to summarize the differing words he has uttered would take more space than an issue here (so go read his fly-leaf).

Yet Campbell has not established the kind of mass readership that King enjoys, and means due to the general British public that writers outside like Guy R. Smith and Simon Stålenhagen. No longer does he write for this age; rather, he writes on the periphery of the general consciousness like one of the Elders Gods of his beloved U.K. Low-craft... and writing has for the first time, he's almost as successful. But it soon becomes apparent that the unrelenting trend is a shadow, it reminds us of his sense of human (if which were there) - although he pointed out "A tough interview" I found him most thoughtful and helpful... a good thing. Ramsey was keen to demonstrate his compact disc player "This stuff doesn't hear about" he found as Pauls around the house - and the same could not definitely be said about his work.

What does it feel like to be this "Elder statesman" figure, a "Guru" as you were recently described as?

Practically responsible, I'd say.

I detect signs of some belated recognition coming your way these days.

Well... yes, it's a strange moment I'm gone from being unknown to being accepted as a kind of grey eminence of the field, without ever going through the normal process of being widely known in the interim. The BBC, when they want to ask questions about horror fiction, now tend to ring up me, so I'm somewhere in the shadow of establishment, I suppose. I've no idea how that process came about, but there it is.

It's pretty good going to be on "Elder statesman" at the age of 40.

Yes, although I suppose many of us tend to start young. I wrote my first published story when I was 15 but that's not that unusual. The same goes for August Derleth and Robert Bloch... I suppose it's the creative flame which burns fast and takes so high. And me again when I'm 80 years old, if I'm still capable of forcing an articulate statement by the time I'm 100.

You write such a prodigious stuff on you...

But compared with Mozart.

No, but you were unusual children as well as fiction from a very early age.

Yeah, well, 17 or 18 or something like that, I could have been writing... you're very kind to call it criticism, I was writing commentaries in the form of the period. I became probably best known for lambasting KING KONG - the original, which didn't deserve it, rather than the remake which I suspect probably did. I think it was because I'd gone down to London with Barry Sadler who then edited ALDEN and ALDEN MORRIS. It had been a long day, we got to the RFI and I had been hearing about this film for years - you see, when you're built up to that extent, you finally see it for the first time and it's something of a disappointment, possibly because it's not quite what you expected to see. I never expected the emotions to be quite so jerky. It took on a couple more viewings to appreciate how much area there was to it. As you know it's now on my top ten horror movie list, it's the only monster movie that I would accept as being a genuine horror film, one that made me to be truly frightening. So you can take what I was writing then with a certain amount of historical perspective. I did provide an angry letter from Roy Barrymore in the negative - we made up later on, however.

It's often the case that people stand as critics than go on to be artists in their own right, you seem to have been doing both from the start.

Well, I'd already said at least one book before I started writing for the freedom to my artist. I was writing as much as I could partly to cover the essential emptiness beneath. I know! One tends to say most when one knows least. I think the finished tended to encourage that to a certain extent. I became a kind of sensitive controversy - I actually had one issue, an English issue, where the editor said to me, basically, "What controversy will you be coming up with for our first issue?"... in fact it was even more sensitive than that, he wanted me to read the early stories of John W. Campbell, who later edited ASTOUNDING, and your scores on them. But even in those days, I wasn't quite that sensitive.

They wanted you to do a Pamela Anderson job.

Oh, we're getting up to Pamela Anderson, are we? That's a different article of faith entirely. Let's assume that the readers of SAMHAIN know what we're talking about... This is your colleague...

That's John Sutherland and Clive Barker...

And Clive Barker, talking to Pamela Anderson, who seems to be one of the innumerable who show hints around these days (or hostesses in this case), who introduced the subject of horror fiction in a way of voice roughly akin to picking something up between finger and thumb and dropping it as far away from her as possible, and kept insisting that we were people who were being a bit too polite to her, I mean they might have pointed out that given that people like Jim Herbert and Stephen King are consistently best-sellers, it must be rather more than a few people reading what they're writing. I actually find this curious, I think it's the last ditch in a way of trying to present horror as something which is written by pacifist people and is only read by these two, and is presumably nothing to do with us. It's the worst sort of principle, isn't it, the idea that if you do away with this sort of thing, then the evils of society, which it seems to be reflecting rather than creating, would somehow go away. The oddest part of the Pamela Anderson interview was that she tried to make the point that it was illegal for you to write about human violence, so her argument would appear to be that if something is banned then you're not even allowed to talk about it. Maybe she thinks she's in South Africa or maybe that's where she would like to be.

What about VIOLENCES? I know that's a film you wrote a lot.

Oh very much, yes.

You were talking before about a film getting such a bad review that you're disappointed when you eventually get to see it. VIOLENCES was a case of that. A lot of other films have been, but to say to you now you have been the victim, that's the one you might as well say you've already seen a plotline of blow-by-blow descriptions of the actual effects, which would be beyond the point.

In the case of VIOLENCES I think that the FI are so unreflex that even if you have read up on them you still don't quite believe what you are seeing. And I suppose John Carpenter's THE THING, in a different way, is pretty much the same. I think that in the case of THE THING the case can be made for the notion that the FI are more impressionistic than anything else that's going on in the film - in VIOLENCES the strength is that the extraordinary, strongly-framed narrative is so interesting, so challenging as the remarkable visual effects. I see me it again and again and I still find it remarkably challenging, disturbing, stimulating, moving... but I have to use up that the first time I saw it was just after I'd delivered the manuscript of INCUBATED and there were at least certain strategies that I found oddly similar. I actually sat there at the press showing of the film in a more or less empty cinema and felt as though I was dressing up my own look into the screen in a peculiar sort of way, certainly to the extent that I was sitting there thinking "My god, I could have done it that way too." It often happens, but it was a very strange experience, since the film was specifically about the understanding of one's perceptions - it was deeply disturbing... a splendid film.

What made me doing up VIOLENCES was the fact that some of the

Right. There will be another one... not too far away.
The one I'd like to read is the amazing novel mentioned
about the scene down the stairs and something terrible about his
relationships and how to break down his offspring.

Who knows, who knows.

That's a quite a work-load - no wonder you've got no time for
anything else.

Then again, if Clive can do it... if he can find the time maybe
I can. Might sort out the odd bit of my brain that I haven't used
yet, so will

POLICE 55

PAMELA Armstrong claims we are breaking the
law by writing about these films but in our
continued effort to bring you, the reader,
what you want, we'll risk a night in the
nick to tell you about two more of the
videos on Scotland Yard's hit list. This
time round its AXE and BLOODY MOON. Let the
law-breaking begin!

AXE s.k.s. CALIFORNIA AXE MASSACRE s.k.s. L254
1977 88 (55) minutes Video Network

THE skill-strewn pack promised "Total terror," but after a trawling
house had fed the tape into the VCR I discovered that AXE was a film
that had already been seen in the cinema as CALIFORNIA AXE MASSACRE
with Robert Rossini's X-ROCK CHILDREN/THE CHILD - a startlingly
double bill put together under the auspices of L.A. driven ex-
patriate Henry B. Brown. It had been replaced by a similarly modest
of campaign in its theatrical incarnation. The poster bearing the
legend "More frightening than TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE" - a glowing
testimonial was was tacitly to take with a pinch of salt due to the
fact that it was attributed to no-one in particular. "Total terror"
it isn't, what it is is one of those low budget exploitation where very
limitations make it personally seductive.

The pre-title sequence details the complicated double murder of
two girls by three gangsters, the highlight of which is the forced
consumption of a lit cigar by one of the victims. In the aftermath
of this run-out the chief heavy decrees that they'd better keep a
low profile till the heat dies down. This they facilitate by shooting
up a food mart. There's an laproscopic food fight, then these desperate
characters terrorize the checkout girl - they check out her charms
and make with the Oscar Wilde type beltings about his nose. At the
cinema there's a quick cut, but in the video version (three minutes
longer at 68 mins) the hapless shop-girl is stripped down to her
underwear and subjected to a game of William Tell, putting faces in a
feminine attempt to convey terror, total or otherwise.

After this false start our desperados do indeed live low, killing
themselves up as isolated from inhabited by a young girl, Lisa, and
her paralyzed mother. When the house had guy tries it on
she rebuffs his overtures with a straight razor, puts his
body in a bath and sections it with an axe. The same strategy is
used to cool out the second bad guy when he goes wandering alone.
Billy, the youngest and relatively sympathetic (because of his
quaint) villain, discovers the body in the bath and, to avoid becoming
number three, he runs outside, straight into the cops who have
turned up because of nothing, and who gas him down with similarly
obscure motivations.

Quaint Lisa lies on what looks like blood but is hopefully
toxic soap, to her feeble old mom. Yep, she can look after dad, run
a face and one off bit men. Can she's a woman. M-D-N-A-K-K...

If you've been hitting a running score you've probably come to
the grand total of one axe killing, which is pretty short shrift to
as alleged Californian axe murders. It was filmed in North Carolina
to boot. I am reminded of Voltaire's celebrated observation on the
Holy Roman Empire ("The Holy Roman Empire was neither holy, nor Roman,
nor an empire") and also of going to see a "British
double bill" which disappointed due to the fact that Mr. Bristol only
appeared in one of the films!

Giving credit where it's due, Fred B. Friedel, who wrote, directed
and edited AXE (as well as playing Billy) does his best with
limited resources, but no-one seems to have been impressed enough to
furnish Fred with the means to advance his career, as after AXE he
went into obscurity. Total obscurity.

THIS EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW CONCLUDES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DAMIAN
RAMPED GIVING FASCINATING INSIGHTS INTO HIS MORE, FROM THE EARLY
SHORT STORIES THROUGH TO "OBSESSION" (INCLUDING HIS PSEUDONYMS
NOVEL "CLAY" AND "VOICE OF THE CLAY").

OTHER SUBJECTS ON THE AGENDA ARE THE SOCIAL ROLE OF HORROR
FICTION, RELIGION AND LIVERPOOL. - RE TWEET



BLOODY MOON s.k.s. DIE SARGE DER TÜRME
1981 82 (60) minutes Video Network

JOSÉ Franco s.k.s. Jose Frank, is not one to hide his light under a
bushel: Between 1960 and 1981 alone he churned out 200 films, vi-
tually back to back, among the out-pourings of this one-man film in-
dustry is COYOTE DEACULA (1970), supposedly the version that is traced
to Bram Stoker's original, which Christopher Lee claimed was his reason
for appearing in it.

But Franco is better known for the likes of JACK THE RIPPER, THE
KISS-BEASTED COUNTRY, KISS ME WEDDING and of course BLOODY MOON,
his contribution to the Scotland Yard "Video Nasties" list. He seems to
be a sort of bargain basement edition of his countryman Buñuel,
obsessed with the conflict between the strictures of church and
state on one hand and on the other the overwhelming power of the sexual
drive, a conflict which in his films is usually resolved in a
neo-masochistic compromise - in BLOODLUST, a story of glitzy sex
editors stalled by a religious fanatic, one character seduces her lover
to "Crowd, you want!", in his obsessive reworking of this theme
Franco has identified from the demise of his name-sake the General, and
the subsequent liberalisation of Spanish censorship, standing even to
hardcore material.

BLOODY MOON, a German/Spanish co-production, begins at a bed-
room all-franco where her cats are getting down to what sounds
heretofore like The Beatles. Couples are snaking off for a bit of
post-pub in the bath and the air is thick with such intimations as
"I'd love to be your wife" and "Caracas de puta, everywhere." Then
the blood-red Latin, who we see a shot of the scene that will precede
all the killings and hear the words "Miguel, is your sister? Don't
look at me that way! Go back to the dance!" Apparently not everyone
is feeling nervous tonight.

Miguel converts himself with stealing first girls' undies then
some guy's Mickey Mouse mask so that he can surreptitiously reduce
said girl's girlfriend, at the height of her passion she rips the
mask off to reveal Miguel's scabby face. What she assumes he does
what any reasonable guy would do: he carves her up with a pair of
scissors.

All this is filmed P.O.V. style, as is HALLOWEEN, so it comes as
no great surprise when the next thing we see is one of those "Five
years later" captions - Miguel is discharged from a hospital lurch into
the care of his sister with the admonition "We say not be scared so
you'll be here to keep your eyes open... avoid tension as per reference
to that unfortunate night." Seven the procedure in Spain is somewhat
less stringent than under our 1959 Homicide Act. During his
incarceration Miguel's cock has grown to occupy about half of his
face. Well that's what happens if you pick your thrice.

Erased on this monomaniacal basic premise is a saga of intrigue
over an inheritance at a mysterious language school on the coast,
populated by, among others, a sinister above-broadcasting gardener,
Antonio the tennis star/super stud, the suspicious looking smoothie
professor and a bunch of tedious girls who lust after Antonio's
body and spend their time in futile discussions of their sexual ex-
periences.

Meanwhile Miguel's deep sister is scuttling him to the point
where he looses control, growling and snarling over her chubby
legs.

"Yes five years I've thought of nothing but you" he bickers,
"You're the only one who never laughed at me." Start reading stuff,
but when she says "No Miguel, I never... no should I start
again - remember what happened last time?" (the small matter of the
Mickey Mouse mask homicide) "Can't you see they won't let us love
each other... everyone around us is judging us... if we could just
get rid of everyone." On a spate of "Creative deaths" to the accom-
paniment of the aggressive electronic whizzing and farting sound-
track L.F. the sisters of all these cheap films seem to have recourse
to, plans to get away of all flesh in the end likely where money is
up for grabs, then one of the girls is stabbed in the back, she dies
exiting through her left nipple. Her friend finds the body but allows
herself to be convinced by Antonio that it's all a product of her
wild imagination, stimulated by lurid paperback.

One of the girls trails the head of the language school to the
son of Frank where he is involved in some shady transaction or other, a
big piece of espionage masquerading as a thriller nearly falls on
her head. She informs two other girls who are in the room, she sees
exactly the definition of crack law enforcement, "I wouldn't mind
teaching her the language" says one. "They, you're on duty" his com-
plicitous colleague cracks him.

When a girl is snatched by Miguel's sister's pet python, Arnold's disapprovals it with the sheer and so are treated to a shot of the snail-like thrashing around in a pool of reptilian blood. A kudos-sounding girl is seen bouncing around the bed screaming "Oh hurt me, rip my clothes off" for the benefit of those listening outside, but unfortunately they are also watching her solo performance through the window. This makes her so embarrassed that she fails to notice the shirt-wrapped cadaver in her wardrobe, the one with the lapel'd breast that mysteriously keeps turning up and disappearing all over the place.

But of the girls (a taken by an unseen stranger to an old mill for a bit of kink-punk). A small boy (obviously a woman in the making) sneaks in after them to witness the highlights of the film so far as greynoids are concerned. The girl is lashed to a slab, though this doesn't stop her tolerable bawls - "You shouldn't use me to do that to me - that's the cruelest thing that ever happened" (hyperbole surely). "...I'll try anything - so long as I get back to the club on time" (she's tie me up as you heard, as your backside is aching" (Well stay talking through it woman!) "...But as they say, pain is good for pleasure, huh? I've always wanted to make it with a Spaniard, they're so hot-blooded and imaginative, you never know what to expect - you don't have to do all this, you know I'm not planning on leaving today. I said I was gone for ever, I have a weakness for strong men..." (and so on, ad nauseum).

Understandably infuriated by this incessant business rep, the unseen bondage fan starts at the buzzer that features prominently on the peak. The kill-joy kid runs in and turns it off but it is soon started again, and some the flow of verbal diarrhoea by seeing the head of a Butane's dump...or I mean, the beguiling victim, Gus such squinting of tomato cheeks.

Meanwhile back at the language school the plot reveals itself, after a fashion, with some indelible revelations about who inhabits off whom. To nobody's great surprise the proprietor of the school is revealed as the killer, what's more Miguel's sister is revealed as his lover, and best of all, who reveals that she despises her brother and is disgusted by his attractions, following up with some catty observations about his complexion. Unfortunately Miguel has been screwing-around on all this: Duffing off his chainsaw he releases his tormentor to granger pools of gushing gristle. This is the best one one in to anyone's very warped attention but it does impart some of the unique flavour of *DEATH HOUSE*, all together now... "Hold a chicken in the air, stick a deckchair at your nose..."

NEXT ISSUE: THE BURNING AND THE BOGEYMAN

By
Philip
Godfrey

LIMBRACKINGGUTWRENCHING SPLEENSPPLITTINGBRAINFEAST FLESHCHEWINGBONECRUSHING... LONDON FILM FESTIVAL

ALTHOUGH film festivals are generally synonymous with tedious "Art" films, however third world movies and the latest "Postmodern" from an overrated auteur, the London Film Festival always manages to sneak in a few horror films to liven up the proceedings. They usually tend to get shown either first thing in the morning or late at night, so if they were slightly disowned, but at least the genre is not totally ignored.

This year three new American horror films were premiered at the LFF: *WAMP*, *CRITTERS* and David Cronenberg's remake of *THE FLY*. Two other films of interest to SFFHOF readers, *STORIES IN FURANS* and Ben Russell's *CHYRON*, were also shown. I didn't see these unfortunately, though I was reliably informed that *STORIES IN FURANS* is a superb animated spoof of Brecht's fall will be being a metaphorical tale of the destruction of American capitalism - so there?

Two of the three North American films (one wasn't) forget that Cronenberg is Canadian) are first features for their respective directors. Before making *WAMP* Richard Mark had made one short feature *DECELA RITES THE RED APPLE*, worked as production assistant on *AMIE*, and had written two indie Joe's sci-fi novels. *CRITTERS* director Stephen Sevak is a protégé of Roger Corman's New World (the man Joe Sevak perhaps) having started out as apprentice editor on Joe Sevak's *BLOOD PARTI MASCARE*, and then graduating to chief editor on *SPACE RAIDERS*, *RAYMOND AND RILEY* and Aaron Lipstadt's *ANDREX* and *CITY LIMITS*. While working on this last film he met writer Dominic Muir and offered to rewrite a script of Muir's called *CRITTERS* on the condition that he get first crack at directing the film if the project was given the go-ahead.

David Cronenberg, of course, needs no introduction and neither does *THE FLY*, which has been eagerly viewed by horror fans since it was first announced a couple of years ago. I keep getting asked two questions about the film - "Is it better than the original?" (not a particularly difficult task) and "Is it really as gruesome as the Americans have claimed?" My answers are yes and yes and yes, the latter depending on whether you have seen any of Cronenberg's previous work. The fact factor is very high here compared to past average Hollywood product, but is so more gruesome than *VIDEODROME* or the early Canadian films. Cronenberg's films often make worse than they really are, simply because they deal with such physical, bodily, horror.

This extra visceral push is what delights so many people and yet is exactly what makes Cronenberg one of today's greatest practitioners of horror cinema.

It is easy to say why he was drawn to Charles Pogue's script, for instead of the quick change of head and sex, presented in the original 1958 version, the central character gradually metamorphoses from man into fly, providing Cronenberg with a multitude of opportunities to indulge his fantasies.

The progressive transformation also means that we are able to identify with the central character to a much greater extent than was possible in the earlier *FLY*. Thus, whereas the 1958 film revealed under the wife, Susan Belamby, with husband Linda hiding under a sheet most of the time, the new version gives Seth Brundle (Jeff Goldblum) a much greater amount of screen time, providing a realistic character for glorified Verne's Quail (Gena Davis) to interact with.

The relationship between the two central figures is handled superbly, providing the closest thing to a real romance ever seen in a Cronenberg movie. To a great extent this is due to first-rate

acting by both Goldblum and Davis under what must have been, judging by what is on screen, pretty difficult conditions. Jeff Goldblum is totally believable as the brilliant but highly strung and reclusive Brundle, providing the finest portrayal of a scientist/genius on film for a long time. Gena Davis (previously only seen in comedies) is perfect, and looks magnificent, as the world-wise science reporter who tags along with Brundle, looking for a good story, when he tells her he's invented something that will "Totally change the world." She provides a real core of "Womanity" for the film, especially when Goldblum starts physically and mentally disintegrating during the second half.

The machine that will totally change the world turns out to be a matter transporter that Brundle has invented as a potential answer to lifelong trouble with motion sickness. Initially only inanimate objects can be teleported, but after the transfer of a lobster goes disastrously wrong he discovers a way to progress it to accept living flesh. All this is filmed by Davis, initially as a means to a career-making movie exclusive place in "Particle" magazine. Soon, however, she realises that what she's involved in is the end of all intellectual prowess and emotional vulnerability, as to the work, and falls for him in a big way. Unfortunately Brundle finds her in the arms of an ex-lover and "Particle" editor Stacie Borens (Maggie Simpson's John Getz), and in a fit of jealous/desire rage teleports himself without supervision. As we all know a fly then enters the picture; the transporter is confused and apathetic as a molecular/genetic combination of fly and man is created (this is Brundle's fly).

His first feeling is one of total elation; he chooses to feel more human than ever and grows this by carrying his lab into a combined greenhouse/bedroom anteroom. His ecstasy is short-lived, however, when he discovers that he can not alone in the transporter.

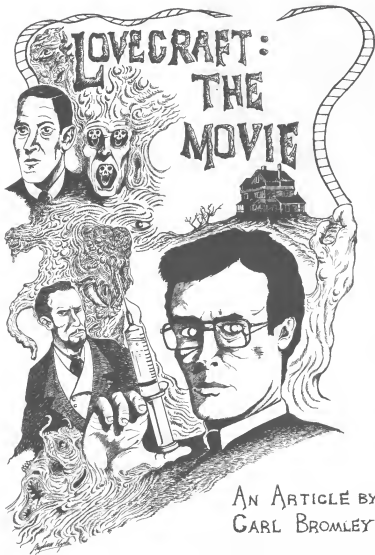
Chris (SCARLETT, GORDON) Wilson's special effects are brilliantly executed with both body make-up and excellent model work seamlessly integrated into the story. And as this is a Cronenberg film, there are plenty of obligatory gross-out scenes, including a particularly memorable, and soon to become infamous, "sneak birding".

One of the film's most touches is the elements of humour and satire that prevent the plot getting morbid or camp. One suspects these are remnants from Charles Pogue's original script, since Cronenberg is not renowned for providing a lot of laughs. Goldblum gets most of the best lines, as favourites being the description of his body as a "left-over party" or "The Brundle Phenomenon of Natural History".

However the film is not without its faults and the major problem is its pacing; those of you reared on *ALIENS* and *THE TERMINATOR* will find the film lacking in drive, leaving a rather anti-climatic feeling when the tension should be at its height. This loss of momentum is one of Cronenberg's personal problems which was most acutely felt in *SCARLETT*, though all his films have suffered from it to a lesser extent. It may be due to the combination of overly complex story and intricate F/X sequences so beloved by the director.

Also *THE FLY*'s third central character, Borens, is just too obvious in the early scenes, which makes his coming back at the end rather trite.

Although the science is so more logical than in the original *FLY* is a generic combination of two such diverse species would just result in a dead mass! It really isn't, worth grabbing a book and neither are my gripes because *THE FLY* is a superb piece of SF/horror cinema that sustains Cronenberg's place as the genre's premier film maker.



AN ARTICLE BY
CARL BROMLEY

"Atmosphere is the all important thing, for the final criterion of authenticity is not the detailing of the plot but the creation of great moments... we must judge a world tale not by the mere mechanics of the plot... The true weird tale has something more than secret murder, bloody bones, or a shuddered face clanking chains according to rules. A certain atmosphere of breathless and unexplainable dread of outer, unknown forces must be present."

H.P. Lovecraft, *SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE*, 1933.

It seems to be a logical move when a film maker decides to adopt the work of H.P. Lovecraft: the works of Edgar Allan Poe and Stephen King seem to have been thoroughly exhausted, which leaves something in the range of 40 Lovecraft tales open to adaptation. Rather than literally adapting his stories, it would seem more advisable to use events in his tales and recreate the all important atmosphere and imagery on celluloid.

If one is to read Lovecraft, it is the imagery and atmosphere within his tales rather than the actual storylines which reads memorable. The mysterious locations of Arkham, Dunwich and Innsmouth on the North East coast of the United States, the Great Old One Cthulhu and the ancient black times such as *THE REDUCTION* have the scenery for a long, long time. Of course it goes without saying that Lovecraft wrote some memorable tales and has been correctly described in *THE PENGUIN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF HORROR* and *THE SUPER-NATURAL* as "Among the most important authors of the twentieth century."

Lovecraft died in 1937. Why then did his work only start to be translated to the screen in the sixties? It was through the hard work of August Derleth (that his work came to both form the creative work for pulp magazines) and his cult popularity arose in the late fifties, despite high status among fellow writers in the thirties. Roger Corman turned to Lovecraft after exhausting the possibilities of Poe but the first film to convey a truly Lovecraftian atmosphere, surprisingly enough was not based on a Lovecraft tale.

Made in 1959 and released in this country under the title of *CITY OF THE DEAD* (aka *HOUSE OF HORRORS*) the story is a simplistic one telling the tale of a group of overworked witches in Whitewood, Massachusetts (true Lovecraft country). Despite the film being a precursor to *PSYCHO*, in the way that the supposed heroine is knocked off half an hour into the proceedings, the primary importance of this low budget movie, and the reason it appears to be superior to other films of its type, is in atmosphere. The small town of Whitewood is a desolate one, devoid of Christmas, constantly shrouded in fog, sinister military figures standing in the mist. The local graveyard contains the corpse of many a burnt witch, and at the witching hour ominous collectives of mutant worshippers meet at the cemetery.

Incidentally this effective little chiller, the first from Genesis Film, was made for the paltry sum of \$45,000. The film's cheapness is reflected in the script which is a fairly standard studio based, the actors imitate American accents (moderately successfully) and the cast is small. However the film's editing, moody monochrome photography and a post-sifted performance from Patricia Jensen as a reincarnated witch makes this production a little gem of a movie. To quote *THE PENGUIN ENCYCLOPEDIA*: "The film has a beautifully eerie Lovecraftian atmosphere." It is surprising that producer William Schacht produced a Lovecraft anthology film bearing its name his later production.

The first official adaptation of Lovecraft was based on his short novel *THE CASE OF CHARLES WESTON WARD*. It was made by Roger Corman during the latter part of his romance with Poe and to capitalize on this success was entitled *EDGAR ALLAN POE'S THE MAINTENANCE PALACE* (a poem featured in Poe's *FALL OF THE HOUSE OF URSER*). It is not only an admirable addition to Corman's Poe series but it is a worthy adaptation of Lovecraft's short novel, capturing the gloom and manner of the novel's imagery. An ancient curse hangs over Lovecraft's mythical town of Arkham (apparently in real life, Salem, Lovecraft, like Thomas Hardy liked to change place names) populated by mutants due to the town's practice of witchcraft many years ago. Vincent Price inhabits the ancient Carven home and deep in the basements of this mansion lives one of Lovecraft's Elder Gods, whose demonic powers influence the home's inhabitants.

The film is beautifully designed, featuring superbly black photography (a trademark of Corman's Poe films) capturing the mood of madness and obsession inherent in the novel. Unfortunately Price out-acts the rest of the cast (as is way of the films he has graced) and it seems that the low calibre of the supporting roles in this film re-occurs as the actor roles in the following Lovecraft adaptations.

Although derived from Lovecraft the film is Poesque in its treatment of subject matters such as guilt and hereditary madness - a theme Lovecraft also incorporated in his tales, *RAVEN IN THE WALLS* being a good example.

The producers of the next four films discussed would have done well to have taken note of Lovecraft's comments on atmosphere (see head of article). It seems that the film companies producing horror films in the mid-sixties seriously misunderstood their audience.

They believed that in order for a horror film to work for male profit, the script had to contain a few routine shocks, a macho lead and a blond heroine (were the audience really meant to identify with these characters?), a reasonably well edited plot, a tacky title and a well-known anti-war horror actor.

The next four movies all adhere to this mentality. Obviously the scriptwriters decided that if a film was to work, it had to have a most substantial plot (that the Lovecraft series, as they invested totally few plots barely referring to their original source. They felt that they have what to deliver and in their wisdom decided that audience varied were shiny monsters complemented by equally

shabby characters and incidents. These films feebly attempted to create atmosphere by using fog machines. They tried and failed.

Daniel Haller, an extremely able director, proved his inadequacies as a director. The film *ONE, TWO, THREE, THE MONSTER OF TERROR* aka *THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE WORLD* was based on one of Lovecraft's best tales, *THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE*. The film begins with our hero asking the locals where a certain mansion is. They all wave him off and treat him like a plague-carrier and after this extremely backlogged opening the movie becomes an embarrassment of clichés, riding to the level of inferiority one would expect. Genre regular Boris Karloff and Patrick Magee are merely adequate and Wally (2000) Savers' special effects a disappointment.



WALLY SAVERS (2000) PRODUCE, THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE WORLD

The location is changed from New England to a rural location in this country. All in all a poor effort to convey what although it doesn't quite leave itself to the depths of *THE COTTLEDOWN ROOM*.

Apparently not in New England, though filmed in Britain, and obviously not, this film contains the obligatory dose of love, though the story proves to be interesting. A girl returns to her childhood dwelling, haunted by unpleasant memories of a particular shattered room. This could be turned into an interesting psychological study. It isn't, and the result is a dull baby thriller with only slight moments of directorial flare and atmosphere. The realization of this film is a performance from Oliver Reed, impersonating a streetwise American in the countryside and the familiar blood-romantic couple. The Leading Lady whippers while our hero heavily beats up a gang of youths who have jumped him on a dusty path; naturally the hero comes out unscathed.

THE CRIMINAL MIND (aka *THE CURSE OF THE CRIMINAL MIND* aka *THE CRIMINAL ALIAS* aka *THE REINCARNATION* aka *THE SPIRIT OF THE DEAD*) boasts a line genre cast including the likes of Boris Karloff (inactive in a wheelchair), Christopher Lee, the lovely Barbara Steele and fine British actor of stage and screen, Michael Fook. With this and the atrocious photography the film should deliver. However like the previous two films, it doesn't and for the same reason! It is sheer artistic exploitation; the genre can't disguise the drama. The script offers up all the familiar clichés one could suggest a twisted home, demonic worship and black magic ceremonies yet all these "Attractants" fail to get over a solid scenario. The scenes of demonic worship are embarrassingly infantile; interested not. Indeed, a judge is a wig, a woman tied to a sacrificial altar, Barbara Steele revived grace and a middle-aged pol-bellied man in underpants fail to constitute horror. The '50s movies (not from U.S. private) are shallow attempts in pure thoughtless exploitation cinema which were expected to appeal to the dumbest audience. They merely add insult to injury.

THE DUNWICH HORROR, probably the most unchallenged of Lovecraft's short stories, is a true classic. It is a well told tale with a haunting atmosphere which the film fails to capture though it features it close to the usual authenticity of the previous three efforts. Made in 1969 the movie suffers at an acceptable pace, dropping the odd shock here and there and allowing for a few fearful scenes before leading to an anticlimax.

Dean Stockwell (in a role originally to be played by the then big Peter Fonda) with the help of *The Necronomicon*, tries to recreate the Ancient Gods power back to earth, a diabolical plot which involves the sacrificial offering of Sandra Dee (also giving hip to the

The film falls into the traps the previous three did but manages to sustain interest thanks to the atmosphere of the genre (not of Dunwich, some psychological efforts (also pretty hip then) and an interesting opening title sequence.

Producers were obviously deterred by these feeble attempts at adapting Lovecraft's work and throughout the seventies preferred a safe audience with 14 year-old girls manipulating with sex themes and little boys causing their mothers to bang their fists on their hips. During this fellow period Boris Karloff expressed interest in doing a Cthulhu Mythos series and there was to be a film based by Peter Mount called *ONE OF CTHULHU*. It got no further than pre-production, though an excerpt from the story can be found in the December 1973 issue of *HEAVY METAL*.

Although there were no intricate special-effects scenes with a lot of interesting patches of his work, Lucio Fulci made a name for himself turning out low-budget splatterer fests made in Italy with handsome actors. A prolific director for over three decades he has quite a cult following and as a general rule you either love or loathe his films. Suffice to say if you're looking for splatterer look elsewhere. Indeed as criticism of Fulci in his lack of which can border on the crude but then such is their own. His obsession with gore appears to weaken the structure of his work and with a little more care in the construction (and post-synching), perhaps his movies would prove more satisfying. Three of his films have an indirect connection with Lovecraft's CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD, THE BEYOND and HOUSE BY THE CRYPTS.

CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD has a beautifully atmospheric opening in which a priest commits suicide in Danish country. The rest of the film is episodic and stagy, lacking any real pace and it is the scenes of unrelenting brutality that provoke interest in women vomiting up her intestines and having her head torn to shreds by a wedding, war-exterminator and the moody photography of apocalyptic Baruch. There is also a black tone in the "Incomprehension" tradition. CITY OF THE BEYOND is a sci-fi movie which sustains an aura of pessimism throughout. The gore is laid over the top, a typical example being when a guy falls off a ladder and bleeds to death in true Fulci fashion. However the opening scene where a hotel's former manager is crucified as a scientist, while being very gruesome (not from all British prints) has a disquieting quality. The film's pretence is in uncovering a woman (who is a hotel built on one of the Seven Gates of Hell). Prophecy has it that on an appointed day the damned will rise and take over the earth (this is written in the book of Elion, a familiar tome used as reference in many of Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos tales). The ending's grisly white cult makes THE BEYOND Fulci's best film.

THE HOUSE BY THE CRYPTS is chilling in certain set pieces, though the film is severely hampered by poor editing, clumsy construction, lame characterisation (Dr. Fredastala) and some of its themes could have done with some developing. It takes place in a suitably Lovecraftian mansion in New England and is spooky in places though it owes more to THE MOTHVILLE HORROR tradition and Henry James than to F. P. Lovecraft.

See also THE EVIL DEAD (incorporates many Lovecraftian elements; ancient evil, black books, evil words which come alive and eat men's flesh against an army of hideous creatures). The film is constructed in a manner worthy of Lovecraft where the discovery of an ancient book (the book of the dead) releases creatures from beyond. As an unofficial adaptation it probably captures Lovecraft's work better than all the others and what's more it's a fun film movie.



YOU NEED HANDS. A SCENE FROM THE MOST LOVECRAFTIAN OF THE WAR OF THE WORLDS.

John Carpenter's THE THING has an interesting Lovecraftian concept of a shapechanger from another dimension wreaking havoc on human life while the creatures in Jean YVES' CRYPTIDERS use much in Lovecraft as does the monster at the finale of the critically acclaimed BLOOD THE DOGS.

What did cause a renaissance of interest in Lovecraft was a little low budget exercise from Charles New's Empire Films. The

film was produced by John New and directed by the wonderfully scary BE-ANDRAGON.

Taking one of Lovecraft's lesser tales, "Herbert West Reincarnator" which was a relatively straight-forward and scientific tale, the scriptwriter combined the tale from a couple of decades to a few weeks. Unlike previous adaptations the characterisation and acting is assured, never falling into boredom, and the film moves swiftly to a good ending (Fulci).



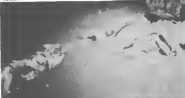
A TYPICALLY DUNBLE SCENE FROM BE-ANDRAGON.

The writers hoped to improve on the tale, updating the medical details and introducing a wonderful new element. The use of gore is executed imaginatively, offering scenes and laughter in equal measure and one wonders what Lovecraft's reaction would be to the evil Dr. Will placing his own severed reanimated head between Barbara Crompton's legs!

The original tale isn't recognisably Lovecraftian. Commissioned for a picture by New Line magazine the story is very readable though the film is a grimy celebration of gore with some neat one liners thrown in. The climactic battle where pandemonium is rife is more reminiscent of George A. Romero than F. P. Lovecraft.

FROM BEYOND comes the BE-ANDRAGON's premise (which, being higher budgeted with a cast that includes Van Feltz (DAN OF THE DRAGO) and BE-ANDRAGON's Jeffrey Combs and Barbara Crompton. A flop in the States it was promoted rather luckily with TV, (transom opening made it PLATON) with the film's monster. However it was well received by a number of American critics and should be as welcome over here in the next few months.

THE SLEEPING FEAR, again to be directed by Stuart Gordon, is in pre-production from Empire Films as lovers of Lovecraft. Gore and horror film gore should have something to look forward to there. It seems that the true potential of Lovecraft's work is about to be fully realised and it's just cooking the days until director Gordon has the chance to adapt some of Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos tales.



BATH TUB IN THE BEYOND



HOLY SHIT! A SCRAPTION MONSTER & SCENE FROM CRYPTIDERS.



THE ARCADE FILM SCIENCEFICTION VOLUME 31 HORROR, Edited by Phil Hardy.
(Arcade Press) £18.95.

At first glance £18.95 seems an awful lot to pay for a book but if you can also pick up the £17.95 for the companion SCIENCE FICTION volume for £12.95 if you go for the paperback you'll never need another horror film reference book again.

O.K. that's not strictly true as it does only cover films up to 1985 (indeed there are only three movies for that year: *SAT OF THE WEEK*, *A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET* and *RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD*) but prior to that you have virtually any horror film you care to mention from George Melies' 1896 *THE HAUNTED CASTLE* onwards. And this is where it is important to see the book as a companion piece to editor Phil Hardy's second volume of the Arcade Film Sciencefiction series, *SCIENCE FICTION* (incidentally volume one is devoted to westerns) as a number of films may well regard as horror movies are only covered in the science fiction volume. *DAWN OF THE DEAD* being one of the best examples. Another film I would have thought more suited to the horror volume is 1975's *THE THIRDS* DR. CHANEY who *MANION OF THE BLOOD* from which, incidentally, came one of our spookiest pictures in the first issue of *SUMMIT* that fazed everyone.

Starting with the quibbles for a moment and a couple of the pictures are badly mis-captioned: Peter Cushing in *DRACULA* is C.B. 1912 but Christopher Lee as the scourge of the Victorian family in Peter Searcy's imaginative reinterpretation of the Decade with *TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA* and a colour shot from *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* is credited to *THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN* but these really are minor criticisms of an otherwise excellent volume.

A massive 400 pages long its bulk comprises of a year by year listing of all horror movie complaints with alternative titles, credits and brief or lengthy reviews according to the importance of the film and all this illustrated with over 450 stills. In addition there are lists of all-time horror rental champions, critics' top ten, horror Oscars (I would list this one) and a selected bibliography which is always useful. All the films are indexed at the back, something a number of books annoyingly omit to do, and the index itself makes interesting reading. Did you know for example that there are over 30 films whose titles begin with the word 'corse', come to think of it did you want to know that there are

As the definitive reference book on the subject (and it's British to boot) it would be nice if it could be updated regularly in some way other than just bringing out another expensive edition with a few extra pages tacked on the end. A magazine format would be the cheapest way from the point of view of the reader but probably wouldn't be financially viable from the publisher's point of view which is a shame.

Future volumes of the Arcade Film Sciencefiction will cover thrillers, gangster movies and sports although whether or not a fantasy volume will be published remains to be seen. I certainly hope so as films like Ray Harryhausen's *Stink* movies don't really fall into either the horror or science fiction categories yet are still of great interest to lovers of both genres.

For the time being though no horror film fan should be without a copy of the horror volume...there can be only one...until it gets a copy if necessary.

And as a footnote to the review the book's editor, Phil Hardy, has asked us to ask you, the reader, to let us know how you find any errors in the book so that future editions can be corrected. Apparently one film is missed twice in the volume, though I suspect it couldn't be right. If you can find any errors write to the *SUMMIT* editorial address on page three and we'll pass them on to Phil Hardy. No prizes though, just the knowledge that you could be responsible for helping shape future editions, and hey...it's that simple!

HORROR AND HORROR MOVIES, Thomas C. Bralman (W. Smith) £5.95.

Mr Smith may have refused to stock the now badly defective *WOLVES OF MONTECARLO* but they are obviously not some all-time horror as their publication of this book shows. Indeed they did a similar thing a few years ago with *HORRORS* a *HISTORY OF HORROR MOVIES* by Tom Hutchinson and Ray Pickard which also had Mr Smith plastered all over the cover. Indeed both books are pretty stellar: large format hardbacks with plenty of large stills, some in colour, looking at the genre in a variety of sub-genre chapters with titles like "Demons of the devil" and "Back from the dead".

A nice cross section of stills takes in everything from Lon Chaney's *FRANCO OF THE OPERA* to *SAT OF THE DEAD* and gave heads

will no doubt appreciate the use of some colour covers from *FRIDAY THE 13TH* and *ALIEN* to name but two. What particularly intrigued me were a couple of stills in the index: *THE FINAL GEM*, *DAVIDER* and *AMITYVILLE 12*: *THE DROWN*, both new ones as far as I know. You can't move to pictures that that you won't be disappointed with this one which offers good value at £5.95.

HORROR FILMS, Nigel Jackson (Adams) £4.95.

At best then a film you can't really complain with this one (have you seen what a double issue of *Clarion* magazine will set you back, I had to mortgage the house to get the paper - issue) but like *HORROR* and *HORROR MOVIES* it's really just a collection of stills listed, this time with even fewer words, into a publication that's pleasing on the eye but doesn't do a lot to stimulate the old grey matter unlike the certain fancies I could mention but won't. There's a lot more colour in *HORROR FILMS* than in *Thomas Yaworth's* book and a lot more gone as well including the *James/Hammond* bunch scene from *JOHN FLEMING BATES* and a delightful piece of exposed brain from *HOUSE AT THE CORNERS* but then *Hampton* offers all this and more for a lot less than £4.95. Still, if you enjoy it you'll probably want to get the companion book, *SCIENCE FICTION FILMS* by Robin Green also published by Adams at £4.95.

THE DEAD THAT WALK, Leslie Halliwell. (Grafton) £12.95.

covers of the golden age of horror will keep up this book in which the author, recently retired as ITV film super, traces the cinematic careers of Count Dracula, the Frankenstein monster and the same, with a special additional chapter on zombies thrown in for good measure. It should be pointed out that the emphasis is very much on the cinematic and films like *DAWN OF THE DEAD* are merely mentioned in passing as don't expect a specialist feast but that this is a criticism, far from it in fact.

The original Universal monster movies provide more than enough fascinating reading, especially in the case of extracts from original scripts including many scenes edited out of the likes of *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1935) and *FRANKENSTEIN: THE TERROR* (1944). Did you know, for example, that in *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* the Frankenstein was originally hanged off by the monster in a scene more in keeping with the actions of one Jesus Christ than as he hangs the hanged off on through a window before finishing his life in the ensuing panic.

The three main chapters deal firstly with the literary origins of the particular "Dead" creature is question before going on to a detailed account of its career at Universal and a not-so-detailed account of the relevant Hammer horror. It's a shame that Mr. Halliwell couldn't have devoted a bit more space to the latter but at least he does a better job than Boris Gifford who, in his otherwise excellent *PICTORIAL HISTORY OF HORROR MOVIES*, dismisses the work of Hammer in about two pages. "History" indeed!

But back to *THE DEAD THAT WALK* which is the first book in a series edited by Halliwell's *Moving Pictures*, each book dealing with a particular aspect of the cinema. Mr. Halliwell has enjoyed. And the seemingly endless stream of coffee table picture books that choose to cover the whole horror film genre and is doing as say nothing new about their subject matter, it's nice to find a publication which takes just one aspect and gives it the in-depth treatment it deserves. Whatever you feel about Mr. Halliwell's cinematic knowledge his staff and his style of writing is a nice combination of informative and entertaining. If you want the definitive book on Universal's Frankenstein series then I suggest you pick up a copy of Gregory Williams book's excellent *IT'S ALIVE!* but for a more general look at Universal's main monsters and, as an extra, *Hammer's*, then *THE DEAD THAT WALK* is the one for you. At £12.95 it's not cheap. I mean you'd rather have 13 copies of *SAT. AM* couldn't you. But compared to the likes of William L. Everett's *WOLVES CLASSICS OF THE HORROR FILM* (a collection of very nice large stills) which sells for £19.95, it's a bargain!



THE MAN THEY CALL LESLIE HALLIWELL.



PSYCHO II (Universal) 95 minutes

A black screen. Silence. Suddenly an enigmatic voice booms out: "There is no God." So begins PSYCHO II, Norman Bates' third outing and, in some respects, the best yet, but only some!

With Hitchcock dead these past six years and Richard Franklin unavailable, who better to turn to as director of Norman's latest adventures than Billy Hume himself, rather Anthony Perkins. On the whole, he makes a splendid job of it, but there are flaws with the film, one of which is the need to show the murders in explicitly grisly detail, quite unnecessary in such a film of obvious craft and intelligence.

The film begins with a superbly crafted homage to Hitch's tower scene from the climax of PSYCHO. Disturbed man Norman (Glenn Scowron) is preparing to launch himself from the top (and no doubt meet her maker in the process) and, while others are trying to stop her, succeeds in killing off one of her clan by pushing her down the stairs. The credits then take place over shots of Norman driving the comet, traveling up through the desert and eventually being given a lift by a travelling medicine, Shaw, who is of the "Hide for a rife" mentality. He is thrown out in the pouring rain by his clan night after failing to comply, and, as luck would have it, turns up at Norman's place to book a room. Yes, the Bates Motel is back in business!

Already mentioned there as general manager to Mom, is not very-well-known glazer, and no the characters are all in place for the latest bloodbath. All except the reporter Tracy (Robert Newall) who wants to interview Norman and is looking into Mrs. Spool's disappearance (remember her? The old school scene from the climax of PSYCHO II). Her introduction in the diner is one of the high-lights of the film: as she is talking to Norman, Norman enters with suitcase (imitated M.C., think about it!) looking a dead-ringer for Janet Leigh. Down goes the dialogue on the soundtrack, as comes pounding music and violent cross-cuts to the shower murder 26 years past, as Norman arrives it all again, concluding in a brilliantly-matched shot of the "Dead-eye" melting into Norman as she reaches for her suitcase.

Also, the film is rather short on screen like this one and also lacking this time round are the twists at every corner of the plot which proliferated PSYCHO II. But back to the story: depressed and keen to commit suicide, falls, falls in love with Mum's boy who reciprocates her feelings and then things really start going wrong. Murders take place, bodies are disposed of in ice-machines, and all the while the local sheriff is standing up for our hero/villain to reporter/body body Tracy. Also, home to getting pretty close to meeting "Mother" in the flesh (or rather skin and bones) and the film builds up to a great climax of shock and tension along the way there is plenty of woe-bear black comedy and a few of the lies are knock-out, best of which occurs when Norman is in hospital after her suicide attempt apologizing to Norman for leaving the bathroom as a terrible man. "Oh no, I've seen it worse" replies Norman, *Arrrrrr!*

Credit must be given to the photography of Bruce Surtees and the music of Bruce Surtees. It's a shame he's not in the film as he was in the first. His work like the images extremely well, most effective in quieter moments, e.g. the hospital scene or when Norman is walking to the cabin to meet Susan. On the whole



METU NORMAN BATES MADE BY ACTING IN PSYCHO II

though, whether twisting or slashing away at people as Norman or hiding out behind the camera, it is very much Perkins' film. He demonstrates a firm control over all the elements and provides a second sequel that, while not likely to dethrone Hitch's classic as the screen's most accomplished film of psychosis and black humour, stands on its own as a worthy class to a great horror trilogy. I say class in the hope that PSYCHO IV will not appear, as most film studios seem to think that to run a good idea into the ground is all the cinema-going public want these days. I would hate to see Norman plodding on relentlessly, Jason-style, and think that now, closing on the last delicious twist in the police car at the end of the film (giving real meaning to the phrase "Give me a hand, mother") would be an good a place as any to bow out. R.I.P. Norman Bates. We'll miss you... just!!

LARTRIN (Tri-Star pictures) 95 minutes

Jennifer Connelly, SAMBIR's former small attractive person, has only just turned 16 and already she's worked with Sergio Leone, Robert De Niro, Baris Argento and David Bowie. Here she plays "The Goddess", a young woman, running around in subterranean passages and hanging out with psychotic swarms for... for, Goddess, creepy-crawlies, running around in subterranean passages and hanging out with cats swarms. Oh yes, and David Bowie. Jack-boned, crammed immensely into a pair of tights, playing with his balls and wearing a bright wig in which he wears a startling resemblance to Page 3 girl Corinne Russell OK, that's enough Page 3 girls for one issue - Ed.), the white one holds out several original tunes (not, alas, "The Laughing Gnome") and renders Jewishish, or sorry, Jewish, the Golem Ring, in the inevitable style that prompted one critic to remark that "as an actor, David Bowie has a great future behind him."



JENNIFER CONNELLY HERE ONE-SCENE INTO THE WORLD OF THE LARTRIN

LARTRIN is a Freudian couples competing elements of ALIVE THROUGH THE LIVING GLASS, THE WIZARD OF OZ, Disney's THE JUNGLE BOOK (occasionally in the "Tire Gang" sequence) and Brian Froud's previous collaboration with Jim Henson, THE DARK CRYSTAL. It's much better than CRYSTAL, having as it does a certain amount of plot, and it doesn't cash the viewer over the head with its underlying theme of a girl's sexual awakening, unlike Neil Jordan's venerable THE COMPANY OF WOLVES. However the combined talents of director Hume, Froud, ex-Flynn and sign-post Terry Jones, producer Leone, Bowie, the delightful Sam Connelly, Eric Le Compteur and all, can muster nothing more than a lightweight, over-the-top, escapist charade of which begin to fade like a lady under a blast from Hoggle's aerosol as soon as one leaves the cinema - especially if the viewer finds the car he came in has been stolen while he was watching the film. I know, dear reader, because I was that viewer.

HOWARD... a NEW SERIES OF HERO (Universal) 90 minutes

From the people who brought you the world's only negative review of ALIEN, we proudly present the GARDEN of the South. Forget what you've read elsewhere. HOWARD is first rate escapist fantasy and for good measure it includes some truly remarkable action-movie animation effects.

Following its disastrous showing in the States the title was changed here from the original HOWARD THE DOG (which still appears as the printed and all references to ducks were removed from the actual poster). The plot concerns a talking duck, mysteriously transported to earth and his efforts (aided by the gorgeous Lee Remick) to get back to his own planet. However the real interest for SAMBIR readers (apart from the bed scene) lies in the sub-plot involving a scientist being gradually taken over, QUANTUMS EXPERIMENT-style, by an alien Dick Cavett, accidentally brought to earth in an abortive attempt to return Howard.

The scientist (a wonderful performance from Jeffrey Jones) eventually turns into one of Industrial Light and Magic's best stop-motion creations, a crack between 1959's THE WICKED SCORPION and John Carpenter's THE THING and with the gateway to the stars opened up there's a whole host of the critters heading earthwards hell bent on inevitable world domination. Needless to say they prove no match for the vice-cracking feel who after all has every reason to feel pleased with himself after getting Mr. Thompson into bed, and all that is a PG certificate film!



GODILLA - THE LIVING MONSTER aka GODILLA 1985 (New World Video)

Let the shambles Steve Miner stop-motion effort but a New World/Toho collaboration. Godilla emerges from Tokyo bay to launch on a nuclear reactor (pretty topical huh?) and generally revert to the city-munching ways of his caligin past. It seems his recent guise as defender of mankind against monsters from outer space was something of an aberration in his career, or possibly one of his "guilty" dreams. In fact this is a remake of the original picture (its over 30 years of the *Sauris Separatus*) misnaming as a sequel.

Godilla is looking a bit portly these days, and someone also looking a bit worn for war in Beyond 80 as a reactor Steve Miner, here purely an amalgam value, inserted into the western release prior as he was back in 1954. The military go to great lengths to locate Merga, but God knows why, all he does is stand around watching Godilla on TV, muttering "The pos really believe you're still Godilla!" The Japanese Prime Minister having noted the use of nuclear weapons - cadmium rockets (put head, cadmium rockets) are fired down Godilla's throat to put him out of commission. The Russians, just to be on the safe side, decide to nuke Tokyo anyway. The tanks head their aimless off with a touch of "Star Wars", but the resulting fall-out reveals Godilla, who has to be tipped down a hand-dandy erupting volcano. Burr solemnly intones the heart string-tugging (and premature, I'll bet) epitaph of "This strangely innocent and tragic creature."

Godilla lives like this and "There are the only real monsters..." Godilla is a victim of the modern nuclear age...I only want to save his home" (the king of the monsters as a cheap mind-suck kid), Godilla's personality in this film is flatter than I can remember is a long time. This is because his usual happy shambles have been curtailed in an attempt to make the film more "Adult" (or perhaps out of a recognition that kids these days are not as easily pleased).

Torajoshi Nakano's special effects are quite impressive, especially scenes of Godilla under bombardment in Tokyo Bay. Wisely, they appear to have reverted to the original movie's plot of firing Godilla at high speed to give a convincing impression of a lumbering bulk. The home sub-plot is flatter stuff, but generally better accepted and acted than before.

Director Hajime Motoki (H.J. Eiser helmed the New World contribution) is fairly in the Toho mold, erasing his film with split-screen effects, flashbacks to Godilla's previous exploits and carefully restrained use of military stock footage. But in keeping with Japan's increasingly outward-looking spirit, the film borrows from several occidental sources - the introduction quotes *COMMUNIST* quoting *MONSTER PUNCH* *REARERS*, and includes references to *FRYING* and *ALLEN* (an extraordinary encounter with what appears to be Godilla's cousin), later on we get the obligatory "BOMB BOMB" trade-mark sequence, and the composition of the shot that commemorates Burr's final soliloquy is cribbed from the climax of *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND*. Taking his cue from the director, Hajime Motoki comes up with a soundtrack that shamelessly replicates several moments from John Williams' scores.

Godilla, at 30, is getting a bit long in the tooth (literally!) and has mounting of a gleeful expression in his eye (littering shots of the unconquering head are a big mistake) - over his haunting which is a pale shadow of its former self (that's what comes from swallowing cadmium rockets!) At this stage in his career he should no longer be expected to carry a film on his own, and those of us who have thrilled to such from-for-alls as *DESTROY ALL MONSTERS* wouldn't want him to. After *ALLEN* and John Carpenter's *THE THING*, nobody is going to be scared by Godilla and by taking the character too seriously, dispensing with his jokey sequences, Toho and New World have thrown away his one remaining asset - his charm.

THE TERMINATOR (Polygram)

A cheap and cheerful rip off of non-scholar movie, especially *THE TERMINATOR* and the old classic itself, *FRANKENSTEIN*, the film's subtitle *FRANKENSTEIN 80* gives some clue as to its intentions. The movie is actually rather better than expected, thanks to a bewitching display of plot, emotion and pathos along with the action and gore. The central characters, Carl Leham, the victimizer, and his pregnant wife Laura, manage to garner our sympathy for their predicament, thanks to good acting by David Malloweith and Teri Austin.

Leham, a scientist at Aerospace Research Corporation working on space-anti design, is deliberately and severely injured to an "accident" arranged by megamillionaire ABC boss John Weyer (David Gail). Being the remaining bits of Leham as a bee-Myra builds a cyborg. However he fails to fit a remote control device and the uncontrolled violator goes as a killing spree. A secretary, Hunter (Pam Grier still looking good) is sent in to destroy him with Laura as bait...

Although no masterpiece, the film provides 90 minutes of action-teasing *horror/SF* action and is well worth a rental fee.

HIGHLANDER (Cannon)

The last of the *Waggle* has been seen, the cyber has been teased and the wit wisely downed. For the *SAMHAIN* office party to celebrate the release of *HIGHLANDER* on video was a great success. The film brought a divided reaction among critics. On the one hand the likes of *Paula Mallory* couldn't even follow the plot while on the other at least two members of the *SAMHAIN* staff were so impressed that they set off for the Highlands to track down the various locations used in the film. *Amor* has it they were also spotted doing something pretty wild with a sword in an lavender multi-storey car park one night but as it's not *Justice* at the moment we can't really comment any further.

Your enjoyment of the film really depends on your appreciation of director Russell Mulcahy's style which owes a great deal to the "Tyle" pop movies he directed for the likes of Ultravox (remember *VIRAMAT*) and which he carried through to his impressive first feature, *RAMBLER* (1984). As a debut film *RAMBLER* (like Robert Bernes' *THE HITCHER*) was a remarkable piece of film making and as it turned out *HIGHLANDER* lived up to all the pre-release hype heaped on its film shoulders.

Christopher Lambert (see *Law* - see scores) plays Connor MacLeod, a Scottish clansman blessed (or should that be cursed) with immortality who is destined to fight down the ages against other "immortals" until a time known as "The Gathering" when only two remain, and as two into "There can be only one" *duuuu-r-r-r*, one of them's gotta die! The time and place of "The Gathering" is 1986 *MacLeod* but Mulcahy hops back and forth between the centuries at every given opportunity so one moment you're peering up a fish tank in the present day and the next you're emerging in a 16th century Scottish Loch. Most disappointing but a treat to watch.

When we finally reach the film's climax the two remaining "immortals" are MacLeod and the *Yorgon*, a terrifying warrior whom ideas of fun to an evening with page 3 girl (what's it - you're fired, M!) Corinne Bailey followed by a spot of "Ban Ban" slough-ering and then a leisurely drive home taking out on any pedestrian as he can. Con but it's fun being immortal.

Burton put the film (about 400 years earlier) to be precise: the *Yorgon* put a swift end to Sean Connery's over-paid but still-entirely-come by decapitating him (the only way to kill an immortal).

And so the score is set for the climactic battle which results in an evening display of wires that suggest Lambert from the caiting (overly with \$10m to spend they could have kept this hidden) and then the final revelation that "The Prime" the "immortals" were fighting for was nothing more than a piece in the Highlands and the ability to grow old...oh and power beyond imagination which, presumably because Sean Connery had banded in his bill for a day's work, isn't shown.

Another director whose work bears a strong resemblance to his video games is Terry O'G Scott but whereas *THE HITCHER* was nothing but one long version here, *HIGHLANDER* is in a class of its own ranking along with Mulcahy's *RAMBLER* as two of the better genre movies of recent years. It should be very interesting to see how he treats "RAMBLER" which he has been signed up to direct. By the way, if you are ever in the Highlands you may be interested to know that the castle used in the film is Eilean Donnan Castle on the banks of Loch Duich in Ross-shire and the Loch where MacLeod discovers he is immortal is Loch Shiel at the Glasfannan Reservoir end. All this information and a review, don't say we never give you anything and hey...remember it is better to have not than to find out!



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